Saturday Review of Literature

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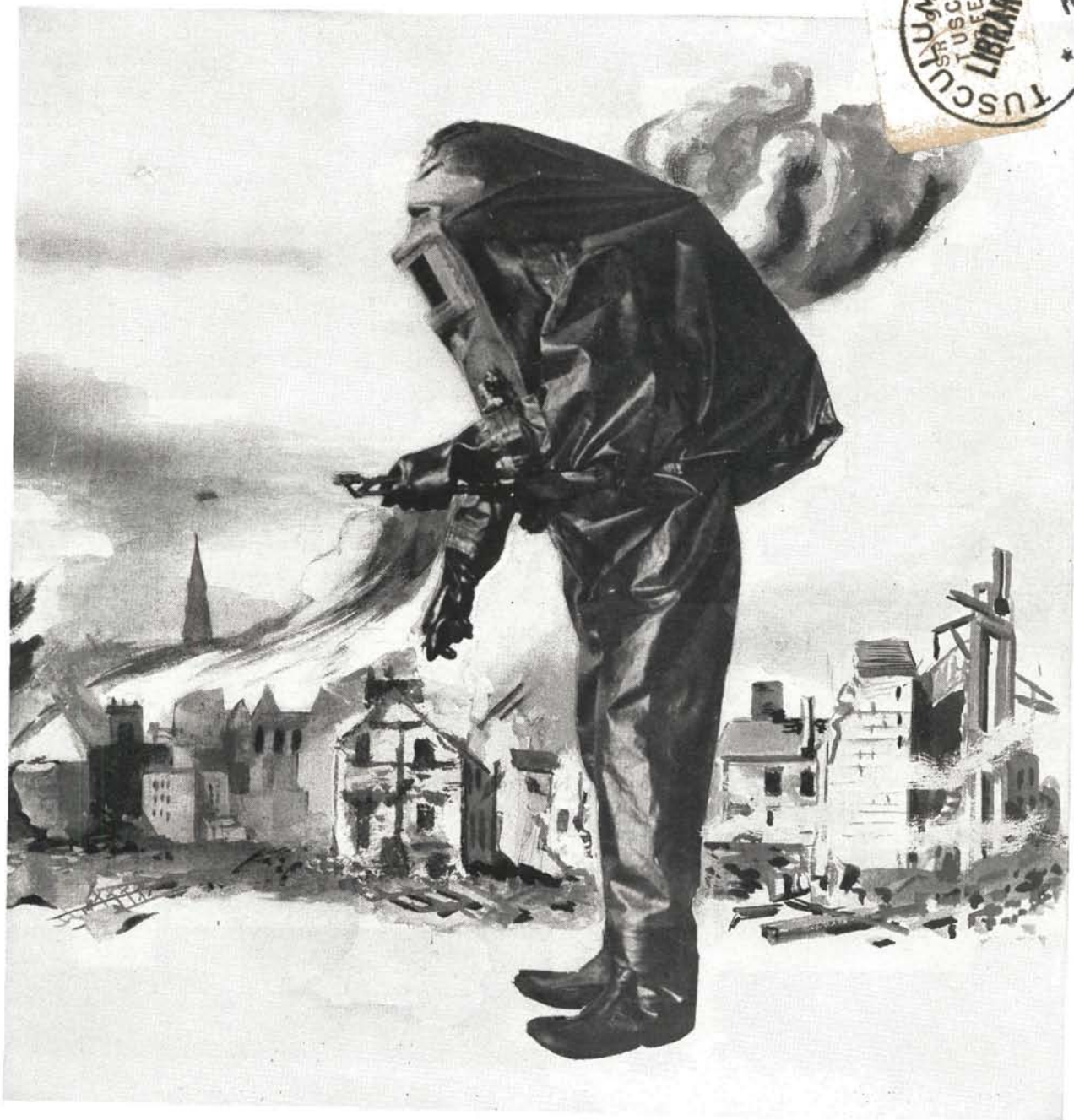

Latest Fashions for Men: What the Well-Dressed Man Will Wear in an Atomic-Chemical-Biological War. *(See page 6)*

Don't Resign from the Human Race

AN EDITORIAL

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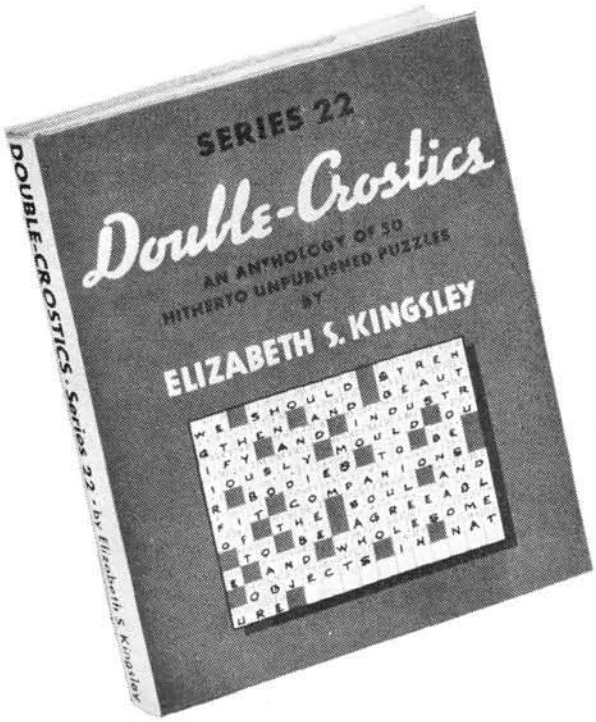

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This Week

August 7, 1948

Cover by Warren Feddren

Articles

PAGE

DON'T RESIGN FROM THE HUMAN RACE
By Norman Cousins..... 6

Reviews

ROAD TO SURVIVAL
Reviewed by Russell Lord.....13

FROM VERSAILLES TO POTSDAM
WHITHER GERMANY?
THE GERMAN OPPOSITION TO HITLER
THE POET AND HIS TIME
THE PEACE
Reviewed by Asher Brynes.....14

EARLY TALES OF THE ATOMIC AGE
Reviewed by Richard B. Gehman....15

THE CANNY MR. GLENCANNON
Reviewed by Lee Rogow.....16

WESTWARD HA!
Reviewed by Horace Sutton.....17

FIND ME IN FIRE
THE LAST PROFESSION
Reviewed by Nathan Rothman.....18

A CANDLE FOR ST. JUDE
Reviewed by John Woodburn.....20

THE HOUSE BY THE SEA
Reviewed by Richard McLaughlin..21

WELL OF COMPASSION
Reviewed by Harrison Smith.....21

THE STORY OF JOHN HOPE
Reviewed by Rufus Early Clement..24

ITALY IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR
Reviewed by Seymour S. Kline.....24

FRANCIS LIEBER
Reviewed by Asher Brynes.....25

THE RECORD BOOK
Reviewed by Philip L. Miller.....26

MUSIC AND CRITICISM
Reviewed by Alfred Frankenstein..28

BREAD FOR THE LIVING
Reviewed by Sara Henderson Hay..36

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

LITERARY CRYPT.....17

PUBLISHER'S GALLERY: THOMAS J. WILSON 19

LITERARY I.Q.....20

EDITORIAL 22

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....23

FILM FORUM
By A. Bertrand Channon.....29

THE FINE ARTS
By James Thrall Soby.....30

MY CURRENT READING
By Leon Henderson.....34

CRIMINAL RECORD.....36

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....38

NEW EDITIONS
By Ben Ray Redman.....39

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....40

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 750.....43

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AT THE TIME of the break between Canterbury and Rome, the English clergy and people wanted their communion service translated into their own language. This service was issued in 1548. One year later, in 1549, the first *Book of Common Prayer* was published in English. As early as 1637 Oxford's privilege to publish the *Book of Common Prayer* was recognized; and since the famous book of 1662 we have been publishing the Prayer Book continuously. Many years later Oxford published the *Book of Common Order* for the Church of Scotland. And now, on the eve of the four-hundredth anniversary of the first *Book of Common Prayer*, we have the honor to present a book which is, in some respects, the youngest sister of the great book of 1549, a most worthy member of that great family of books of worship whose roots go back into the rich soil of Reformation Protestantism:

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TRADE Winds

"THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE"

FROM THE COLLECTED PAPERS of Donald Porter Geddes, out at Macmillan: Profitt to De Graff to Brett:

> We are very fond of the following letter, which is framed and hangs on our wall: "Cambridge, March 10, 1933. Thank you for sending me the notices of my book. This latest, from the London *Times*, seems to confirm the general verdict, that the book is pretty good, considering the unavoidable defect that it was not written by the reviewer. Men are different, but reviewers are all pretty much alike. Very sincerely yours, Ephraim Emerton." . . .
>
> The Bible, including the Apocrypha, contains 926,877 words. An Englishman, many years ago, spent three years of his life finding this out. . . .
>
> Once upon a time there was a saint who was so saintly that he had been able to train a fly to aid him in his work. Now most of his work consisted in reading long, ecclesiastical volumes, and as he read the fly would follow the course of his eyes back and forth across the page. And when, as often happened, the saint had to leave his book, the fly would sit faithfully on the word last read, thereby marking the exact spot where reading had been stopped and was to be resumed. . . .
>
> Richard de Bury, who lived long ago, said, "Books are masters who instruct us without rods or ferrules, without words or anger, without bread or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep, if you seek them, they do not hide, if you blunder, they do not scold, if you are ignorant, they do not laugh at you." . . .

FROM TWO JUNIOR EDITORS of *Good Housekeeping*, who understandably wish to remain anonymous, comes this memorandum, labeled "Planned Authorhood":

> In the interests of a strong and healthy American literature, it is essential that authors, particularly those of the lower classes, learn some elementary facts about story control. It is with this purpose in mind that the Planned Authorhood Association is being formed. Naturally, opposition is expected from the dignitaries of the Newspaper Guild. This sect believes in the rhythm method, but it is only too apparent that this method is not reliable.
>
> We are not against novels; we are against *unwanted* novels. We recommend to new authors judicious spacing of their literary work. Consider the agony of countless young authors who, without the benefit of Agent, find themselves with novel. Frequently, these "fallen" writers seek to solve their dilemma by destroying their novels before completion, rather than bring another unwanted novel into the world—a novel which will bear the stigma of illiteracy. This is acknowledged by all authorities to be a highly dangerous process, since they may never be able to have another novel.
>
> We are, of course, merely an educational agency. For further details, see any reputable editor. . . .

FROM GEORGE FEATHERSTONE, at Castle Point Hospital, N. Y.:

> A friend of ours complained so bitterly about his health, that we persuaded him to take a West Indies cruise. Passage was engaged on a Cunard Liner, but she never left the dock. Upon entering his stateroom, our friend looked through the porthole, and saw only the galvanized roof of the shed. Four days later, he looked again, and saw exactly the same view. He debarked, announcing "I don't feel very much better, but it was an enjoyable trip." Actually the ship had never left the dock because of the heaviest fog in the history of the port. Also, we neglected to tell you that our friend went aboard with two dress suit cases full of gin. . . .

FROM A. W. BARNES, publisher of the *Gallup* (N. M.) *Independent*:

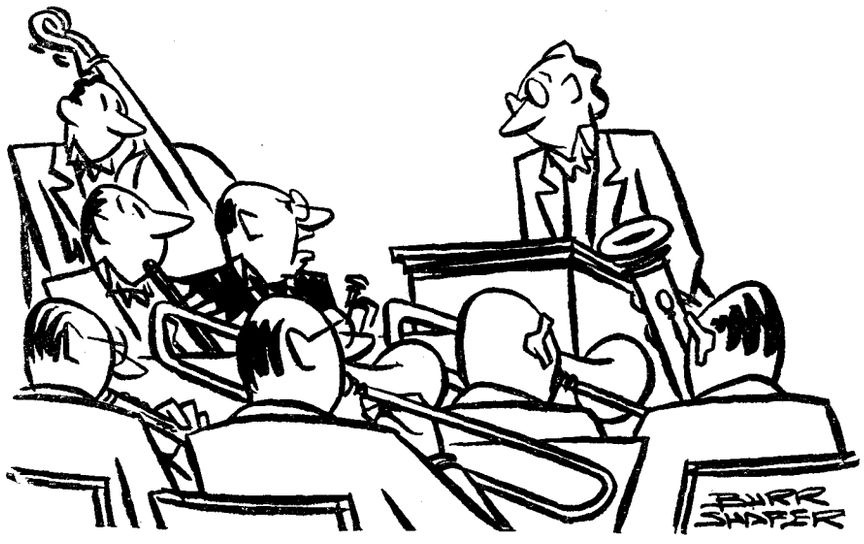
> In a recent TRADE WINDS column you stated, "Louisiana is the one state in the Union where election returns are announced in two languages—English and French." I take it you are not familiar with practices in New Mexico, where, after this area has been a part of the United States for a hundred years and a state since 1912, the Spanish and English languages are still widely used. Until recently our legislature regularly employed interpreters, they are still frequently required in our courts, ballots are printed in the two languages regularly, notices of election and constitutional amendments are printed and published in both languages, political campaigns are made in both languages, and some of the schools are conducted in Spanish.
>
> I had an idea that Quebec was the only other place in North America where this situation prevailed, but from your column I infer that Louisiana has a similar problem. . .

FROM WILLIAM SHEPARD, of Daytona Beach, Fla.:

> This item belongs in your collecton of Shaviana. My mother, Sallie Gannaway Shepard, of Buckingham County, Virginia, asked Bernard Shaw for an autographed square to put into a quilt which was to be sold for the local church. She explained that the quilt was to be composed of irregular colored pieces with autographed squares at intervals, and sent him a patch for his signature. "We call these things crazy quilts," she added. Mr. Shaw obliged with his signature in very legible script, and then added this appropriate thought for the pious: "Crazy quilts cover multitudes of sins."

Mr. Shepard adds that his mother died before she could sew the autographed squares together. Presumably he has them in his possession now. Interested parties can locate him at 119 North Ridgewood Avenue, Daytona Beach. . . .

K. KAUFFMANN-GRINSTEAD ASKS, "How many magazines does it take to fill a baby carriage?" and answers his own question with, "A *Country Gentleman*, a *Mademoiselle*, a few *Libertys*, and *Time*. . . . William Cole, at Knopf's, tells me, "George Jean Nathan claims this is the best triple pun he (or anybody else) ever made. Seems he was sitting around a table with a number of Irish literary lights,



"What's this about me being sold to Philadelphia?"

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including George William Russell, who was known as 'AE'. They got to arguing, and George William Russell took a large amount of Gaelic umbrage at somebody's remarks and commenced to jump up and down with anger. At that point Nathan reports himself as having murmured, 'A.E.'s Irish Rose'." . . . Dudley Nichols also has been pondering about the State of the Nathan:

> Say, I've been looking through G. J. Nathan's new yearbook with no small interest. Nathan is an odd character. You read a paragraph or a column of his and you are nettled as if you had ants in your mental pants. But read the whole book and you come away respecting the man. He may irritate but he has an integrity and he does smite fools and pretenders. Someone ought to tell him however that film is like white paper—you can't condemn it altogether because Pegler writes on it. Conrad "blackened" white paper too. Film, I believe, is the white paper of our epoch: all literature will have to be republished on it. But Nathan has footlight blindness. He takes *The New Yorker* attitude, that all films are bad, only some are worse than others. Phooey. It is a superb medium if you want to say something; the trouble is it is so good that even if you have nothing to say (which is what the new censorship wants) it can still dazzle and entertain. . . .

JON CORNIN, OF BERKELEY, Calif., writes:

> Reading Housman's "A Shropshire Lad" the other evening, I was dimly aware of something overriding the rhythm of the lines. The radio was on, although I had turned it quite low during some forgotten moment of the day. The combined reading and humming grumble produced a strange cacophonic quiet, which resulted in the following. Now I'm not sure I shall ever dare to look "A Shropshire Lad" in the contents page again:
>
> If the radio fare offend you,
> Turn the dial, lad, and be sound:
> 'T will none harm, but serve to fend you
> For the programs foul, ill-found.
>
> But if plugs and jingles send you,
> Spots and middle-ads make you glad:
> Then I beg, lad, that you end you,
> Here's a gun, lad—start a fad. . . .

FROM L. M. BIRKHEAD, national director of Friends of Democracy, Inc.:

> I think your readers should know about the Poor Richard's Book-of-America Club. It is set up like almost any book club you can name. Its members are obliged to buy so many monthly selections each year; each selection is available at a reduced rate; bonus books are offered ever so often.
>
> But Poor Richard's differs from other book clubs in that it has a mission; it wants to sell America a bill of goods, and therein lies my story.
>
> The new book club, for public consumption, is characterizing itself as a staunchly "anti-Communist" defender of American institutions. Because practically nobody likes Communists, this could prove to be good sales talk, unless someone points out what's beneath Poor Richard's "anti-Communist" label.
>
> For example, passages in one of Poor Richard's initial selections (Frederick Charles F. Weiss's "Germania Delenda Est") are far more anti-democratic than they are anti-Communist. ". . . that which a nation needs quite as badly as a healthy race is the existence of an elite to lead it," Weiss's book says, and adds: "Germany . . . had its officer corps which unwaveringly upheld its ethics and made good in the darkest days of Germany."
>
> That future Poor Richard books will be written in a similar vein is indicated by the committee of judges who pick the club's monthly selections. This committee includes:
>
> G. Seals Aiken, Georgia attorney who urges that Negroes be denied citizenship and the right to vote.
>
> Austin J. App, Texan, who says the "German Armies" were "the most decent armies of the war" and that our policy toward Germany is one of "revenge" and "lust" which is "responsible for making this 'history's most terrifying peace'."
>
> K. D. Magruder, Pennsylvania lecturer, who strongly implies that Roosevelt and Churchill promoted an "international conspiracy to create World War II and force our nation into it for sinister purposes."
>
> Lawrence Dennis, Massachusetts author, who has written: "Let me say categorically that I do not believe in democracy or the intelligence of the masses."
>
> Frank A. Parker, New York pamphleteer, who recently distributed a leaflet called "Has Congress Abdicated to International Jewry?"
>
> But of course all of this will be played down in the early days of the Poor Richard's Book Club. Only after getting well under way and after building a sizable "anti-Red" following will the book-club managers be able to inject increasingly strong doses of Nazi-like material, à la the F. C. F. Weiss passage quoted above.
>
> And the moral is: we mustn't let these who oppose our democratic way of life delude us by protestations of being anti-Communistic. Poor Richard's Book-of-America Club is an important case in point. The club must be unmasked in full view of book lovers everywhere before its siren song can grow loud and irresistible.

I personally have never even heard of this club. If the directors thereof care to answer Dr. Birkhead's charges, space will be provided. Meanwhile, they might peruse themselves a little book just published by Doubleday at the modest price of one dollar. It contains, in clear, readable type two documents: The Constitution of the United States and The Declaration of Independence.

BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Don't Resign from the Human Race

Notes on the Third Anniversary of the Atomic Age

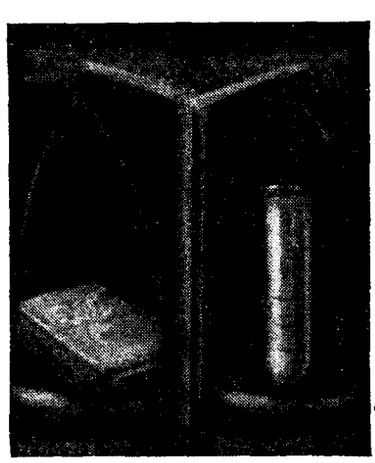
AN EDITORIAL

HAVE you ever wondered what you would say if you were suddenly called upon to defend the human race?

Suppose you were invited to participate in a great debate or, better still, a mock court trial called for the purpose of deciding whether the human species had justified its right to survive—whether, on the basis of its virtues and weaknesses, it was actually entitled to the gift of life. Suppose your job was that of attorney for the defense. How would you go about collecting your evidence? What witnesses would you call? What arguments would you use?

You would have the satisfaction, of course, of knowing that you represented the popular side of the argument and that the preponderance of the evidence was with you. But what do you do when you discover at the trial that your opponent has anticipated most of your argument and, indeed, is using it against you? And what do you do when you find yourself gradually being won over by the sheer logic of his position?

Naturally, you had intended, when your turn came, to talk about the dignity and nobility of man, his capacity for great ideas, great works of art, great deeds. You had planned to describe his capacity for evolution and growth and progress. You had planned a long procession of witnesses—men who not only exemplified genius and nobility in themselves, but whose words might be used to support and dramatize your argument. You had planned to summon Aristotle as an example of the Whole Man—one who combined rounded, integrated knowledge with wisdom, and intelligence with conscience; one who understood the elusive but necessary balance between thought and action. And you were especially anxious to offer Aristotle's testimony that man, at his best, was the noblest creature of all. You had planned, too, to bring up Seneca as a witness, so that all might hear him say that man was a social and reasoning animal. You had planned to offer in evidence Longinus's observation that, from the moment of his birth, man had had implanted in him by nature an inextinguishable love for the noble and the good. You had planned. . . .



But all these plans never materialized because your opponent, the prosecuting attorney, admitted their validity at the outset. No one could deny that individual man was capable of great deeds and words, of vast loyalty and integrity and courage. But this, he said, was not the point at issue. He then proceeded to draw a very careful sharp distinction between traits that characterized the individual and traits that characterized the species as a whole.

It was upon this distinction, he said, that he intended to build the main part of his argument. For the central question under consideration concerned the entity that was the human species—the aggregate of men—peoples rather than persons. There could be no doubt, he said, that countless individuals had easily justified the right to survive. Consider, however, that for every symphony or work of art representing individual genius there was an instance of the collective evil of war, or of group injustice in the form of slavery, or starvation or torture. If you were to take the debits and credits on the overall balance sheet of collective man, the final figure would not be in his favor. Nor was there in operation anywhere in the world a group conscience—assuming conscience to be, if not the source, at least the filter, for determinations of right and wrong.

AS soon as group conscience was mentioned, you wondered whether the prosecutor had overlooked religion. What was Christianity if not the very means of developing the group conscience?

But the prosecutor, it appeared, had overlooked nothing. The great tragedy of the past two thousand years, he said, was that man had plucked out of Christianity for his own use whatever seemed easiest and most convenient, ignoring the rest. He had longed for spiritual security and he had seized upon it in Christianity. But that was only one aspect of Christianity. The aspect of ethics in Christianity—the development of a higher morality for himself and the group as a whole, the refinement of conscience—this he conveniently ignored. Thus Christianity became not so much a new way of life which could ennoble individual and group behavior as a heavily subdivided and even competing series of theological systems which man regarded most often as offering preparation for death rather than for life. This particular emphasis also had the effect of causing people to regard Christianity as a convenient cleansing op-

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"Here is the world, sound as a nut, perfect, not the smallest piece of chaos left, never a stitch nor an end, not a mark of haste, or botching, or second thought; but the theory of the world is a thing of shreds and patches."

—EMERSON.

---

eration for conscience; the burden of wrongdoing could be discarded, thus squaring the individual with society and giving him the conscious or subconscious satisfaction of knowing that other such burdens might similarly be disposed of. There grew up the phenomenon of the double standard in religion—the believing but not practicing Christian.

Fearing it might be thought that he had been too severe in these criticisms, the prosecutor then asked his audience to consider honestly and frankly what the original prophets and disciples might say about Christianity in the light of history. Would they not repeat what has often been said: that Christianity has yet to be tried by mankind; that the forms it has taken are so far removed from the ideas and urgings of its Originator as to raise the question whether the continued use of the term was not actually fraudulent?

In any event, as it concerned the central question of the trial, the prosecutor said there was no evidence for claiming that religion had endowed man with the virtues which might entitle him to feel he had earned and demonstrated his right to survive. Could there be any sharper proof than was apparent in the fact that, in the name of religion itself, mass murders were carried out as one sect vied with the other in interpreting God's will and in spreading, at the point of a much-used sword, the gospel of the good, the true, and the beautiful?

Passing from religious wars to wars in general, the prosecutor asked whether Christianity or other religions had been effective in avoiding conflict in the past, or whether they were effective today in avoiding what would unquestionably be the last of the world's great wars. Here, too, the failure was dramatized by the lack of group conscience. For questions of right and wrong are absorbed and indeed obliterated by the group ego. Thus it was always the group, right or wrong. He referred to Jefferson's belief that no individual has the right to prey upon or commit aggression against the rights of another individual. And yet, what happened to morality when raised to the collective level? What about the individuals inside nations? What about individuals who had no choice but to join in crime and murder because society or the state arrogated to itself exemption from the moral code?

RIGHT there, you might have thought you detected several serious weaknesses in the prosecutor's argument. Wasn't he making the mistake of oversimplifying war? Wouldn't a group be justified in going to war in a just cause? And what would the price of submission be if it failed to respond to the challenge? The American people, for example, could very easily have avoided war if they had been content to be made part of a vast dictatorial system that would have ground each individual into an evil mold. Was that what the prosecutor had in mind?

Here too, however, you quickly discovered that the prosecutor was aware of the need to qualify his argument.

Certainly, he said, a group had the right to defend itself against evil. But even in that case, the evil is represented by other human beings who, collectively, had abandoned morality. For the fact of the matter is that a study of history reveals that when the group acts as a group, such action is more often selfish than altruistic, more often predatory than social. Besides, he pointed out, what really counts is the conduct and the record of humanity as a whole, rather than that of the subdivisions such as developed along national or other group lines. And it was that total appraisal of the human record that was at issue in this trial.

In the light of that appraisal, he continued, it was clear that there could be only one answer to the question under debate. Indeed, he said, what has happened might actually be called the Human Forfeit, for the right to survive was being squandered.

"Here," he said, "we come to what is the presiding fact of this trial. That fact is that the human race has existed until now largely because it has had an ample margin for error. It could make mistakes but never on so large a scale as to threaten its own existence. It could indulge in wars, despoil the earth on which its subsistence depended, engage in massacre, invite disease and plague out of filth and ignorance; it could do all these things, make all these mistakes, again and again, and yet have an ample cushion against ultimate catastrophe. History was lush with the proliferation of error, but always there was room for recovery—and opportunity for further error.

"But today that margin for error has been used up. One more mistake of the type which in the past repeatedly led to war could be the final mistake. The world can no longer afford the fatal mistake of war.

"Yet man persists in clinging to old errors as though they were life's own trophies—at a time when every major move must be the correct one. He has yet to demonstrate the capacity for presiding over experience, whether personal or historical. Thus his trouble is not that he is obsolescent but that he is adolescent. He is not outmoded but immature.

"Consider his own limited intellectual experience. He has been working with organized knowledge for perhaps only a hundred generations or less—and by far the preponderance of that time has been spent in standing still or sliding back. He still lives in almost total ignorance of what he is, how and why he thinks, or what the connection is between body and mind. Though he presides over a vast universe within his own body, billions of cells, an electrical system involving countless millions of connections, a supremely coordinated apparatus for receiving outside stimuli and impressions; though he must operate this universe, he is largely oblivious of its workings, its motivations, its purposes. He resides in it without governing it. He acts as though he were superimposed upon a highly differentiated clot of energy. Not until three centuries ago did he even discover the fact that the dominant fluid of life actually circulated through him. He has only the barest knowledge of the workings of his nervous system, of the reasons why at a certain point growth yields to the degenerative processes, or, indeed, what the degenerative processes actually are. He is still baffled by an activity that occupies almost one third of his lifetime—sleep—about which he has many theories but no knowl-

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"Every man is as heaven made him, and sometimes is a great deal worse." —CERVANTES.

edge. As for the phenomenon of ideas—which help to differentiate him from the four-legged mammals, birds, and fish—he is as ignorant of their true operation and composition as he was back in the days when his most complicated idea centered around the fashioning of a club.

"He is brilliant and inventive—but precociously so. It is not necessary for me or anyone to document at this time the trite observation that he possesses a fabulous gift for devising gadgets and launching enterprises which he promptly finds himself unable to control. One aspect of this inventiveness, however, is perhaps relevant to this debate. The real significance of the machine age is not that it replaces human labor but that it replaces human thought. No sooner does it become possible for the great mass of men to enjoy several hours of leisure each day than there are a dozen contrivances which jump in to relieve him of creative thought.

"We now have the Triumph of the Distraction. Thought-replacement is already a giant industry—close to being the biggest industry of them all. An open hour in a day's schedule without access to radio, movies, television, or other absorption devices, produces a feeling of helplessness and boredom in the individual bordering on personal panic. But the gadget has yet to be invented that can make man's decisions for him. Where, then, will the hard, deep thinking come from that can give him command over crisis?

"IF man is lacking in knowledge of himself, consider the lack as it concerns his knowledge of others. For nothing is more characteristic of his adolescence than his inability to understand adequately the society of which he is a part, or the techniques by which society can be changed to meet changing conditions. Yet today he is called upon to create the greatest society of all—a world society.

"Could anything be more immature than the willingness of the peoples of the world to continue to live within the unraveling fabric of the nation-state system? Surely no person of sound reason should hesitate for a single moment in discarding the death-laden concept that peace is possible through the retention by individual nations of their ultimate sovereignty. Yet such a concept dominates the thinking and the established structure of the world.

"One might have supposed, after the last war, that there would have occurred a volcanic eruption of popular protest against the first sign that the same measures and methods which failed in the past were again in use today, again starting up the tragic cycle.

"One might have supposed that those who were chosen to lead or who found themselves in positions of leadership in the building of the peace would have had some sense of destiny about them, some understanding of the sweep and the meaning of history, some conception of the long and grand jumps that have to be taken in order to realize the promise of tomorrow. One might have supposed that the instinct for survival alone would have caused these leaders to define necessary new goals with fervor and eloquence.

"One might have supposed that the sudden liberation of the greatest and potentially most cataclysmic force known on earth would have touched off a great awakening everywhere, equating fission of the atom with fusion of the human will in the cause of survival. One might have supposed that the need for world government would have risen over the earth like the sun itself, for nothing short of world government could keep expanding nations from colliding inside a shrinking world.

"One might have supposed that there would have been universal recognition that without world government there could be no control of science for destructive purposes. For out of that science in the past three years have come awesome but not inspiring improvements upon the original forms of atomic death. Today, for example, scientific genius has discovered the techniques for creating radioactive rain. It has discovered the techniques for dispersing from the sky vast quantities of radioactive dust particles, not only contaminating entire cities but neatly prolonging the killing ability of atomic energy far beyond the comparatively limited time privileged to the atomic bomb.

" 'The cheapness of man,' said Emerson, 'is everyday's tragedy.' We can now kill more in a single day than used to be killed in generations of perpetual conflict. We are on our way towards removing the last barrier that prevent man from converting the earth into a planetary crematorium.

"Man's immaturity is reflected, finally, in what might be called the Four Fascinations that tyrannize him today.

"The First Fascination is the fascination of the mirror. Each people sees itself possessed of such virtues and skills as it is convinced to the death could exist nowhere else in the world. The Americans pride themselves on their skill at shattering the atom, confident that it will take others many years before they can do the same, and deriving a false sense of security from this fact, though they themselves are the most vulnerable major nation of all because of the intensive concentration of their industries and population. The Russians boast of even more fiendish war-making devices, the meanwhile making of their corrupt absolutism a political religion, and attempting to spread that religion through all methods available to them, for they cannot comprehend why other peoples hesitate to make themselves over in their image.

"The Second Fascination is the fascination of apparent reasonableness. Everywhere people are permitting themselves to be hypnotized by what has all the charms of a seemingly logical approach to world problems. They succumb to the apparent reason which holds that the United Nations as presently constituted is adequate to keep the peace. They are lured into investing all their hopes in international conferences, whether with respect to human rights or boundary arrangements, though each conference must be an end unto itself, since nothing that infringes upon national rights need be accepted by the individual nations. They become enamored of official declarations of intent, though not much is said about the machinery to translate intent into action.

"Yet reasonable men say that all this represents

"Can anyone imagine anything so ridiculous as this miserable and puny creature—who is not so much as the master of himself but is the butt of all things—and yet who dares to call himself emperor of the universe? And this privilege which he claims for himself of being the single creature in this vast fabric to anticipate its beauty and parts . . . the sole creature who can render thanks to its builder and do the bookkeeping of infinity! Who, I wonder, signed and sealed him this privilege? Let him show us the letter of appointment to this high and noble office."

—MONTAIGNE.

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IF A SPACE SHIP from Mars were to come within one hundred miles of this planet, this is what the earth would look like. The photograph, first of its kind in history, was taken automatically from a V-2 Navy rocket which took off from the White Sands proving grounds, New Mexico. The area covered in the photograph represents 200,000 square miles; the distance from the base to the curve is nine hundred miles. An outsider, viewing the earth from this height, would have to hypothecate the existence of man. The theories might describe him as an invisible unit of electrical energy—highly agitated, and moving erratically in often-violent clusters over the surface of the earth, from which he extracts his basic energy. Even his cities would resemble little more than a discolored rough spot or mold on the side of an orange. From such a vantage point, "the differences and differentiations [separating man] would seem idiotic to the point of insanity."

progress—as much progress as one ought to expect at this particular stage of the game. And so we acquiesce —acquiesce in the architecture of failure.

"The shame and pity of it is that, to all intents and purposes, the statesmen are doing their best. They are doing their best on the traditional level on which nations have always been accustomed to carry on their affairs—the level of power politics, political and military coalitions, armament preparations, diplomatic maneuvers, treaties, conventions, conferences, pacts. They are doing their best within an outworn and dangerous framework—a framework of limitations rather than of possibilities, a framework which has as its continuing and general objective the winning of the next war rather than the avoidance of it.

"What had to be done was to break through to a new level—to replace conferences with legislative bodies, treaties with law, violations with duly constituted force; in short, the substance of justice and the machinery of justice.

"But that new level has yet to be created.

"The Third Fascination is closely related to the previous two. It is the fascination with difficulty. World government, it is said, will be too difficult. Setting up a system of representation will be too difficult. If what we are looking for is something easy, then nothing will be easier than to slide into an atomic war. Certainly world government will not be easy—either to achieve or to operate. But will it be any easier to undergo another war?

"Meanwhile, we think it less difficult, apparently, to drain off the largest portion of our resources and energies in preparation for the net war; less difficult to build giant industrial plants underground; less difficult to subject our institutions to the heat and pressure of rising tensions which in turn create the occasion for a corresponding increase in the militarization of government and the steady, piece-by-piece surrender of civil liberties. We think it less difficult to operate vast research and production facilities pressing yet further into techniques for destroying ourselves.

"The Fourth Fascination is with the crisis daydream. There are two such daydreams in vogue today—indulged in so widely as to be readily recognizable. The first daydream is that if only America and Russia could agree, all the world's ills would be cured. It is a daydream because there can be no basic agreement between Russia and America without a higher authority which has the right and the power to mediate between the two, and to carry out its decisions through preponderant force if necessary.

"The United Nations as presently constituted offers no such enforceable powers. It is not a government but a voluntary association which suffers the grotesque paradox of having as its stated purpose the eradication of war, though guaranteeing the sovereignty of the individual nations, and formalizing that guarantee both through the veto and the right of any nation to relinquish its voluntary membership at its pleasure. Meanwhile, both America and Russia, as the two largest nations in the world, are competing with each other to fill the world power-vacuum, lest it be filled by one to the disadvantage of the other.

"There is nothing strange about this. What confronts us is no more than the standardized behavior of sovereign nations which, either out of the sincere need for self-defense or out of the vicious need for predatory expansion, have to look out for their own. And looking out for one's own today is rapidly taking the form of attempted global domination in one form or another, since the entire earth has become a single theatre of potential military operations.

"World government could not possibly eliminate the natural antagonism between these two countries; it could not possibly eliminate the differences between two contrasting and contradictory ways of life. All world government could do would be to set limits to that natural antagonism between the two; it could halt rigidily and abruptly whatever danger of war might proceed out of the highly volatile competition for military supremacy between the two, whether measured in terms of geographical expansion or the race to perfect and produce weapons of mass destruction. It would limit the war-making ability of each. It would reduce the areas and circumstances of potential conflict. It would establish machinery by which the infringements of one upon the other could be forestalled or blocked. For the function of world government would be to insert itself between the two states, not to merge them, and to create and keep watch over the rules of the the game.

"The second and related daydream belonging to the

". . . unhappiness is the fatal result not of our need, but of our abundance." —TOLSTOY.

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"It is only in society that a man's powers can be called into full activity. Now, to be a useful member of society, one must do two things. Firstly, what everyone is expected to do everywhere; second, what one's own particular position in the world demands and requires."

—SCHOPENAUER.

Fourth Fascination is simpler and more idyllic. It glories in the image of a Russia-less world. If only somehow the earth were to open up tomorrow and swallow the Soviet, according to this dream, all the world's problems would be automatically solved. But the question the daydreamers forget is this: what happened *before* there was a Soviet Russia?

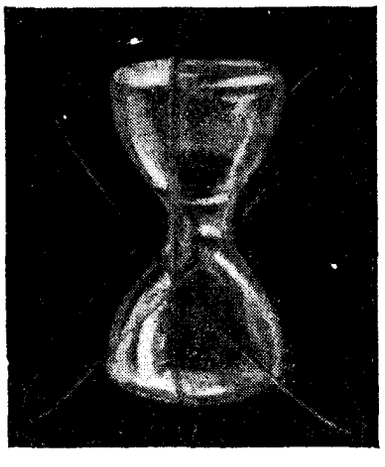
"Long before the world heard of Lenin and Trotsky and Stalin and Molotov and Vishinsky and Gromyko, the world suffered the disease of war. Why? Why should nations have staggered from conflict to conflict year in and year out, the fact of war remaining the same, only the names of the principals being changed? Expunging Russia would not expunge history any more than it would expunge the continuing danger of war. For Soviet Russia today—and the other nations as well—are but actors in a recurring play, acting out parts and lines that are as old as war itself. You don't change the play by changing the cast. If a Russia-less world lacked the machinery to make and enforce law on nations, the world would still be ripe for war. The same would hold true even if Russia and America had the same political systems, for the dynamics of a two-power world are such that neither nation could afford to be at a disadvantage vis-a-vis the other. And security in the world today takes the form of expansion—political or military or both.

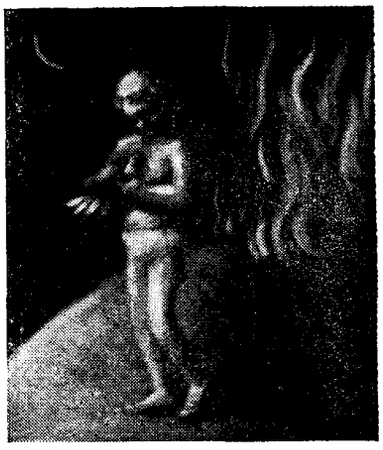
"Only in a daydream could it be imagined that the way to avoid the final error of war, now that the margin for error has been exhausted, would be by preserving the sanctity of the error itself after supposedly eliminating one error-maker in a growing cluster of error-makers."

Having thus inventoried what he called the "Four Fascinations," the prosecutor stepped down briefly to take a sip of water. As he did so, you could hear general murmuring in the audience. The general tenor of the comment seemed to be that world government was admirable as a goal but that you couldn't get it unless Russia agreed and was willing to join in forming one and in accepting its authority. But, since there was now no authority which could compel Russia to do this, what means could be used to bring it about?

It was fortunate, therefore, that when the prosecutor resumed he proceeded to examine these questions.

He began by saying that obviously world government couldn't be rejected until it was proposed. He said that there was little hope that Soviet Russia — jealous, fearful, insecure internally and externally — might make such a proposal. Moreover, Russia would probably resist going into a world government — unless, and this is the crux of the matter, she was convinced that the rest of the world was determined to set one up, and that any isolation from a world society might come at too high a price morally, politically, economically. The real question, however, concerned not Russia but the United States. Was the United States willing to make the proposal for world government? Was the United States willing to be part of a United Nations having preponderant force and compulsory jurisdiction—committing itself in advance to the decisions of such a law-making body? Wasn't it the United States which insisted on the veto at San Francisco? Didn't the State Department testify before Congress, in early 1948, that the U. S. was unwilling to deprive itself of the veto?





Why did the President of the United States inform Congress that the U.N. lacked the power to deal with a crisis and that, therefore, unilateral measures by America were necessary and justified? And what interpretation is to be placed on this statement in the light of the President's failure to agree to those strengthening measures which would enable the U.N. to meet such emergencies? If the U.N. was, as some American officials have frequently claimed, America's first line of defense, why were we spending hundreds of dollars on military measures for every single dollar we put into the United Nations? And what is one to think of the shameful failure of the United States Congress to stand behind the Government in honoring its obligations as they concerned the building of a home for the organization?

"No; America, like Russia, has so far indicated no unqualified willingness to see the U. N. invested with specific and adequate powers without which it will be impossible to create or maintain the conditions of peace. And unqualified willingness means the acceptance of the only sovereignty in the world today that has any real meaning—the common sovereignty of the peoples.

"What is needed is a popular prodding action of mountainous dimensions which can convince the American government that the American people are ready for and are calling for an open and clearly defined official policy in favor of developing the United Nations into a world government. Then at least, America's moral position in the world will be clear. Then at least and at last the American people can have the peace of mind that comes from knowing that on the biggest issue of our time, on the one cause without which no other cause is possible, their government has lived up to its responsibility as the world's most powerful democracy."

* * *

AT this point, a short recess was called.

There seemed to be general agreement in the audience that the prosecutor had built up an impressive case, but, as people began to think and talk about it, it occurred to them that there was perhaps a basic contradition in his argument. In the early portion of his presentation, he had emphasized man's failure to create a group conscience. Later, he emphasized the need for world government. Hence the possible contradiction. What point would there be in setting up a world government only to have it crack up because man lacked the collective conscience necessary to operate it?

Apparently, the prosecutor overheard some of this

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"Law becomes the means whereby the mobility of individual man can assert itself in the group."

—MONTESQUIEU.

comment, for when he resumed and launched into his summation, he took up those very questions.

"It has not been my purpose at this trial," he began, "to present a general indictment against the human race. My purpose has been to touch upon some of those aspects of its history that bear directly on the question of the trial: has man *justified* his right to survive?

"I place special emphasis upon the word *justified* because I have deliberately avoided any opinion as to whether he *will* survive. That question falls more properly within the argument of the attorney for the defense.

"I have attempted at this trial to call attention to certain conspicuous failings in man's habits and conditioning and attitudes—please note that I do not say his nature—which so far have caused him great travail and anguish. I have tried to suggest that those failings have been serious in the past, but are critical now because of a fast-vanishing margin for error.

"It may have been observed that I have attempted to take an almost extra-planetary view of man. I have attempted, in general, to view him in his collective being, rather than as Americans or Russians or Englishmen or Frenchmen or Chinese or Indians or Africans and so on. It is easy but dangerous to be caught up in the passions and pressures that grow out of national differentiations. The differences between East and West that split the world today may seem deep and real to those who are involved in them. But viewed from the outside, the differences and the differentiations would seem idiotic to the point of insanity.

"To the outsider there would be only the entity of mankind. If he were to seek an objective and rational explanation for the authorized mass murder of war, or for the staggering lack of political and social justice in the world, or for the clustered misery and starvation that curse man's existence, the outsider would find it inconceivable that only one species was involved. He would be certain that some competing species was preying upon man—and perhaps vice-versa.

"Might I suggest, without encroaching upon the arguments of my opponent, that some such objective view by man of himself might help him avoid his final error.

"One more point. In the course of my remarks, I have referred to the flaw in man's development which has prevented him from creating an adequate basis for existence within the group, as well as between groups. I have been concerned with his failure to invest the group with an essential moral code or conscience.

"I have also referred to his failure so far to recognize that only world government can avert the war now impending.

"There is a direct connection between the two. The immediate objective, the immediate problem, is world government. It offers the means by which the peoples of the world can build a floor over quicksand for a few years. It offers the world a chance to break away from the inevitability of war. It offers a chance to do some hard thinking and to gain the perspective and wisdom necessary for the attainment of the indispensable and ultimate objective.

"That objective is the development and refinement

Soliloquy

(for U.N.)

By Francis E. Brennan

WHAT is this madness rising now
Within our walls?
What—in the holy name of God?
Today now, tonight now
Tomorrow and now again
The creeping, part-forgotten fear
Knots in our bellies!

How, after all the dying
And the half-torn faces
And the slaughter of ourselves
Against the outer beaches,
Comes this thing so soon again?

How, once more, do building fingers stop—
Eyes stare unfocussed on
The dreamt-up plans before them?
How do we stand now—arrested—
Frozen at our newfound desks
While the bloodshot mouth
Recites behind us
The ritual provocations?
Listen!

Do you hear again the posing of
The Wretched Choices—
Hear the Ancient Tensions re-outlined?
Hear the spelling of short words
To spit in anger
Across some farmer's blasted orchard?

Look—look you—look!
The children are still hiding
Under the wrecks of the cities;
The Broken still fumble in the night
For some remembered beloved touch;
The Old still be stunned and
Wait for nothing but escape.

Tell now, explain
The nature of the sealed Cretin
Who, in unholy cyclic joining
Re-breeds himself so rapidly!
Grinning, swinging ape-like through
The jungled hearts of men.
He leaps instantly
The tortured head of Good is bowed,
To beat the gentle, the small
Into some monstrous anvil-shape
On which are hammered out
The new and empty mottoes.

Tell us now, say it . . .
Are we doomed
Without the fullest trying?
Are all the arguments,
The pros, the cons,
The yeas, the nays
Wrung dry of hopefulness?
Is the truest meaning
Of the newest death divulged?

Do we really now descend
To bomb-proof vaults—
Start up again the black engines
Of maps and codes and cryptics?
Are the barren facts at last apparent—
That the slow wonder
Of the painter's work
Is not for us to love?
Nor the heavenly arch of song
Composed in adoration?
That these are for another world—
Not ours but one passed
Or one not yet achieved?

Speak up!
Define, decide!

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"Believing as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he is now, I find it is an intolerable thought that he and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such long-continued slow progress." —DARWIN.

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of a collective conscience. In the long run lack of it would of course destroy even (or perhaps especially) a world government. But at least world government might serve as the germinating agency for a collective conscience. At least it might provide the means through which a sense of community of the world's peoples can be nurtured. It could invest the term of world citizenship with real meaning. Perhaps a world freed of war might be able eventually to generate new habits of mutuality which could flow into that conscience.

"If you ask whether I believe the human race will actually set up a world government and attempt to develop the conscience necessary to make it a success, I can only say I do not know. I repeat that I have concerned myself here with the unpromising record to date, and with a statement of essentials for the future. I have not ventured to predict whether those essentials would or could be recognized and met.

"For a consideration of that question, however, I now step down in favor of the attorney for the defense."

* * *

WHAT do you do at this point? What do you say? You realize that you have been called upon to define a basis for hope. The argument you had intended to make—that the human race had *justified* its right to survive—had been fairly well demolished by the prosecutor. You had originally thought of the word "justify" as applying to the inherent virtues of individual man. But the prosecutor had used it more appropriately as applying to man's actual collective capacity, based on experience, to deal with recurring major problems.

Did this mean that there is nothing left to go on, that inevitability is sovereign, and that we might as well resign from the human race?

Certainly not. There *is* a basis for hope. For even if you agreed with everything the prosecutor said, you could properly regard his argument not as obituary but as warning. It was a stern diagnosis but it included a prescription.

Such a prescription is not beyond man's reach. Whatever his limitations may have been in the past, however great the perpetuation of error, the fact of the matter is that what has to be done today is well within his capacity. For what is needed are not superhuman attributes. Man is not being called upon to rearrange the planets or alter the composition of the sun. He is not being called upon to work miracles. He is being called upon to make decisions affecting his own welfare. The only price he has to pay for his survival is decision.

Man is not imprisoned by habit. No one can foretell what great changes in him may be wrought by crisis—once that crisis is recognized and understood.

He has at his command, once he makes the decision to use them, such resources of courage and intelligence as he himself would hardly dare to imagine. "The human individual," said William James, "lives far within his limits; he possesses powers of various sorts which he habitually fails to use. He energizes below his maximum, and he behaves below his optimum. His life is contracted like the field of vision of an hysteric subject—but with less excuse, for the poor hysteric is diseased, while in the rest of us it is only an inveterate habit—the habit of inferiority to our full self." But once there is the challenge of necessity, he can be "carried over the dam."

Some neurologists contend that the average individual possesses at least four or five times more brain power than he puts to use. They describe huge unused and smooth areas of the brain as constituting vast potential reservoirs of intelligence. They see no arbitrary limits to this capacity for expansion. Only man's own needs and his understanding of those needs can govern that.

The panorama of man's history is not even or flat but heavily patterned and marked with peaks and valleys. On top of those peaks we find forcing-houses of genius; in the valleys we find huts of ignorance and servility. Were the men who lived on the peaks structurally different from those who lived in the valleys? Did they possess different senses, different organs? Hardly. The same group that lived on the peaks during one century might find itself in the valley the next. Why did the Athenians suddenly go into a long slide after the Peloponnessian Wars? Why did China enjoy the greatest flowering of its civilization at precisely the time Europe was stumbling through the Dark Ages? Why did America come to life so brilliantly in the late eighteenth century?

The answer is largely to be found in two of the greatest forces in history, to which Aristotle and Darwin and Spencer and Lamarck and, more recently, Toynbee, have called frequent attention. Those two forces are challenge and response.

What, then, must be done to enable man to recognize the present challenge so that he may respond to it? What must be done to enable him to release and summon those vast reserves of intelligence and courage that can produce the necessary vital decisions?

Perhaps the faculty of anticipation in man could do it.

Let the individual anticipate, if he can, the next war. Let him anticipate the hell of the transient survivors, however few or many. Let him anticipate his place among them—the things he would see and the things he would do.

Let him anticipate the things he would think about. Let him anticipate his disbelief that all this organized insanity should have been allowed to come to pass. Let him anticipate his certainty that all this could have been averted, for he would know then, in retrospect, what should have been done. Let him, most of all, anticipate the problem of living with his conscience.

He would think it fantastic, looking backwards, that anyone anywhere should have concerned himself with anything except the drive to create a world government in time. He would be sickened at the thought that the peoples should have allowed themselves to be persuaded by talk of difficulties and differences in the way of world government. He would be enraged at the reluctance of pygmies in positions of leadership to make the sane moves that had to be made. He would be appalled at the fact that the American nation failed to make the proposal for such a world government. He would know that even if some nations declined, at least all the others might have rallied with America around a moral principle in pooling their sovereignty—enjoying preponderance but keeping the door open and making it clear that the purpose of the common government was a common security under justice.

This is the type of anticipatory wisdom, you might say at the trial, that is needed now. For if we have it now, there will be unlocked within us not only the essential intellectual and physical energies but the first real manifestations of collective conscience. We have nothing to lose but our adolescence.

N. C.

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Sick World. *The danger signals are flying. In Europe, a new war brews over the corpse of Germany. Control of armaments has been all but abandoned. Meanwhile, pursuing a grim inventory, we observe that the ravaged soils of this planet are sliding to ruin. These themes—elaborated in the books reviewed below—suggest that men's attitudes, rather than the products of their minds and hands, must be changed. "The need for a new form of thought is universal," writes L. L. Whyte, the British physicist, in "The Next Development in Man." Whether or not the present degree of disorganization and conflict is greater than at similar moments in the past, there is now a more extensive awareness of it. This sense of frustration through disorganization can only be overcome by the development of the particular form of thought which is appropriate to this stage in the social development of man."*

—*Hal McIntosh.*

William Vogt is nature's angry man.

The Ground from Under Your Feet

RUSSELL LORD

FORTY years ago, in 1908, President Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot, his Chief Forester, called a special Conference of Governors at the White House. The theme was conservation—a new word in the American language, coined at that time. "To skin and exhaust the earth," T. R. proclaimed, "is to undermine the days of our children." Today certain of the more perceptive of those children, grown to men, bear living evidence as to the truth of that.

The power of the earth to support mankind in the style to which civilized man has become accustomed is failing. Over large parts of the earth overworked soils in ill health are yielding not only less food, but food with less life and strength in it than it used to have.

"The relationship between land health and the health of human beings," as Fairfield Osborn somberly recognizes in his recently published ecological credo, "Our Plundered Planet,"* "is actually no more than another aspect of the delicate and complex relationship of all life." A zoologist, Dr. Osborn speaks with the authority of spectographic assays to support his conjectures. The spectograph shows by measured bands of light that a star, a soil, a head of cabbage, a deer, or a man are made of the same elements or materials, are all of the same piece.

Long before there were spectographs men knew this in their hearts and proclaimed it—the physical and chemical oneness of all life. "For we know," said Paul the Apostle to the Romans, "that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

"Ecological incompetents" is one of the modern scientific epithets that William Vogt applies to present-day villains of the ancient Cain and Abel conflict—more specifically to "subsidized stockmen and sheepherders"—currently attempting to legalize an enormous steal of public land and grass in our West. Mr. Vogt continues:

> They exist by destroying the means of national survival. Were we really intelligent about our future, we should recognize such people as ecological Typhoid Marys—the source of environmental sickness with which they are infecting us all. The same is true of the cut-and-get-out lumberman, the wheatgrower who recklessly sets the trigger for a new Dust-Bowl explosion, the hunter or trapper who takes more than his share of *surplus* animals, and the farmer who

(*Continued on page* 33)

THE AUTHOR: Predictions of precipitate curtains for mankind to the contrary—his own included—top ecologist William Vogt is "essentially an optimist." "If I didn't think there was a very good chance of solving our problems, I never would have written 'Road to Survival'." Primary motivation for war, he believes, is the exhaustion of food and *lebensraum*. And possibilities of synthesized food supporting any large portion of the world are "rather remote—principally because we know so little about human nutrition." Anyway, what would be the advantage of fattening up people so that they could be piled four-deep instead of three-deep? "We need elbow room!" Paradoxically, Mr. Vogt, who was born on Long Island (1902) likes New York, a city not noted for superfluous cubic feet per capita. Currently in Washington, D. C., September 20, as chief of the Conservation Section of the Pan-American Union, he will lead the first international conclave to define, and begin to solve, the relationship between populations and resources—"sort of a pilot conference for the UN. . . . Of course, we mustn't set our sights too high." From 1932-35 he was curator of Jones Beach Bird Sanctuary. He became an ornithologist because he just likes birds. But he keeps no canaries. He was editor of *Bird-Lore Magazine* and "Audubon's Birds of America," field naturalist and lecturer for the National Association of Audubon Societies 1935-39, consulting ornithologist for Compania Administradora del Guano in Lima, Peru, 1939-42, then studied climatology in Chile on an Inter-American fellowship. His "El Hombre y la Tierra," written principally for country school teachers—"the Spanish being even more indifferent than we—" has had El Salvador and Venezuela editions. As expert consultant he advised the War Department on South America in 1942 and became associate director of science and education for the Office of Inter-American Affairs. Equipped for the podium with a rich, melodious voice, he has lectured from Boston to South Chile, expects to do a lot more from now on. He doesn't plan another book. "Road to Survival," which germinated in a 1945 *Saturday Evening Post* article, "is just a matter of trying to do the most useful thing. . . . I kind of have my fingers crossed."—R. G.

*See *SRL*, June 12, 1948.

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Aspirations with Seals and Ribbons

FROM VERSAILLES TO POTSDAM. By Leonard von Muralt. Hinsdale, Ill.: Henry Regnery Co. 1948. 93 *pp.* $2.

WHITHER GERMANY? By Hans Zbinden. The same. 90 *pp.* $2.

THE GERMAN OPPOSITION TO HITLER. By Hans Rothfels. The same. 172 *pp.* $2.50.

THE POET AND HIS TIME. By Ernst Wiechert. The same. 78 *pp.* $2.

THE PEACE. By Ernst Juenger. The same. 77 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ASHER BRYNES

IT is time we looked upon the nations of Europe as equals instead of as clients. It is time we asked them what they are doing now or intend to do later on for anybody besides themselves. For no matter how we think of the vast sums of money and merchandise flowing through the Marshall Plan, whether we choose to call them economic or strategic or merely fraternal subsidies, one thing is certain. Gifts oblige the giver as well as the takers. The peoples of Europe have been captives of the Nazis. Many are still captive under the Communists. They will balance their accounts somehow. They will be free; and they will use force against those who subjected them to force, and against those who entangled them in the chains of charity hate will suffice.

> People who have reached maturity after 1914 [wrote Lewis Mumford recently in *SRL*] have no direct experience of the free practices of men and nations as they existed at that time . . . men of all sorts and conditions, from the scholar, the actor, or the financier to the harvest hand and the hotel waiter, traveled in peace and security throughout the planet, without passports, permissions, or visas, without any other credential than the fact that they were human beings and their fellows trusted them as human beings.

The peacefulness of that era has been demonstrated statistically by many scholars, notably in the congruent results of the independently tabulated researches of Quincy Wright and Pitirim Sorokin. The nineteenth century was one of the least warlike periods in the history of mankind.

The century (1815-1914) began with a general treaty devised after a great war or rather series of wars which included the seizure of Europe and a retreat from Moscow; and this contract of peace was negotiated in the city of the defeated, who sat at the conference table with the victors. The negotiators shifted few of the boundaries on prewar maps. They created no new nations. They imposed no huge indemnities. They left Russia the most powerful terrestrial state in the world, and yet the first big break in that pacification came ninety-nine years later.

Today the city of the defeated is Berlin. It used to be the metropolis of Germany but now it has been split up into four boroughs or sectors presided over by the Russians, French, British, and Americans respectively. The fifth factor without which no lasting peace can be established is hidden by the smoke and dust of squabbles between these occupying powers. From a political point of view the German people simply do not exist; and as a matter of fact the four-power quarrel is concerned with the question of whether they should be allowed to exist, politically, before the victors are in complete agreement. When and if the victors agree over the fate of Germany a new nation (as headline writers phrase it) will be born. By the same token, however, it will be born in handcuffs and leg-irons.

This twentieth-century spectacle seems to prove that history repeats itself if, on the previous occasion, history has been made the wrong way. Thirty years ago the plenipotentiaries of the world in alliance against Germany and her confederates carved up Europe. The principle on which they extemporized that operation was, to put it bluntly, the greatest happiness of the greatest number of the delegates assembled at Versailles. Russians were absent because their nation was still in the throes of revolution; to invite the Bolsheviks would have been to prejudge the issue of the Communist coup d'état. The Central Powers were barred because they had been beaten.

A sound treaty of peace is a contract. It is not an aspiration decorated with seals and ribbons. It cannot bind those who are subsequently called in and ordered to fix their signatures to it. As the Swiss historian Leopold von Muralt shows in "From Versailles to Potsdam," the essential idea of a contract is contained in the diplomatic formula by which the earlier negotiators of the nineteenth century sought to achieve an "equilibrium of powers." They succeeded precisely because a true balance of interests gives free play, at once, to constructive forces which tend to maintain it.

In this perspective the question of whether the Versailles Treaty was a *hard* or *soft* peace is beside the point. The significant fact is that it suborned Germany and left out Russia, and as a consequence the preparation for a next war began almost immediately with a "back door" treaty between the Russians and the Germans at Rapallo in 1922, to be followed seventeen years later by a full-blown Russo-German Pact and the delivery of our present chaos.

Like most of us, Professor Von Muralt doesn't know what to do about Russia now. There is no likelihood, of course, that Russia will be left out of the forthcoming peace unless she so desires; but she keeps nursing her grievance and seems bent on first organizing a Holy Alliance based upon the new dogma of Communism in place of the old Byzantine dogma of the sanctity of despotism. This type of thing is exactly what our forefathers as well as Professor Von Muralt's Swiss ancestors used to call an "unholy alliance." He concludes with a plea for the union of Western Europe as a balancing element between the United States and Russia.

Certainly we do not object; indeed, this notion happens to be the keystone of our bipartisan foreign policy and we are hopefully financing as well as preaching it ourselves. What we would like to know is whether anybody who is paid to defend himself (as we are paying many European states) can be lured, ultimately, into a firm union with others who are being paid likewise. At the moment we have a unity of dependence upon the United States, that is to say a loose association of nations meeting in the offices of the Marshall Plan.

But we can hardly expect otherwise as long as there is a gaping hole in the center of Europe. Without Germany the concept of a cohesive Western Union is meaningless—for what remains is a fringe of peninsular and island nations scattered around the westerly rim of the Eurasian Continent. We can no more expect them to fuse together than, by squeezing it, to make a lump out of a handful of sand.

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In "Whither Germany?" Hans Zbinden, who is also a Swiss, argues that the disappearance of Germany would mean the end of Europe. This means the invitation of the Germans into the family of European nations, which raises at once the question of whether they are the kind of people one wants to have in the house.

The smell of burning flesh from Nazi incinerators is still in our nostrils. Some say all Germans are guilty —but, answers Mr. Zbinden, those who can believe that have already thrown the ethics of Christianity out of the window. The idea is equally abhorrent to the religion, law, and morality of the West; the doctrine of collective national guilt is the Trojan horse of the totalitarian mentality. As a matter of fact it is a localized variant of the Communist idea of collective class guilt. However, this abstract argument fails to make for a convincing case in Mr. Zbinden's hands.

What we want to know is how the German people managed to put up with Hitler. Dr. Hans Rothfels, formerly of the University of Koenigsberg and now professor of history at the University of Chicago, throws more light on that question than any other writer in the English language. His monograph has all the scholarly virtues: it is comprehensive, detailed, and judicious in the treatment of conflicting materials. It will probably be the most complete narrative of the German resistance for a long time to come. The only other book like it is Rudolf Pechel's "Deutscher Widerstand," which is still untranslated.

At the beginning of Hitler's rise to power there was, says Dr. Rothfels, "a potential totalitarian front crossing the proletarian front." Whatever the divergence in their aims the Reds and the Nazis agreed both as to tactics (street brawling) and immediate objective (the overthrow of the German Social Democrats). This fact had a profound influence on the character of the resistance to Hitler; nobody cared to swap a Russian for a German dictatorship. Consequently, the first determined opposition came from people who have been labled *neo-conservative*. They differed from the superpatriots or real conservatives of the Hugenberg (Nationalist) Party, and the collectivists of the Socialist and Communist Parties, for an identical reason. They were opposed to any purely materialistic outlook. They saw—and they saw very clearly indeed—that the technocracy cultivated by Reds and reactionaries alike was the source of the moral nihilism which, ultimately, justified political dictatorship.

In this odd way, painfully, every step of their progress marked by the addition of more and more names of members of the new resistance to the martyrology of the movement, the Germans spelled out for themselves a fundamental lesson: men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights . . . The best of the Germans discovered "the dignity of the human personality" and in one form or another that concept, upon which our own Constitution turns, appeared in almost all the programs.

It is the dominant theme of Ernst Wiechert's three addresses to the German people in defeat under Hitler, and in defeat after Hitler. It is much muddled but still recognizable in the tortuous essay of Ernst Juenger on the peace to come. It is all that the Germans have to offer in the bitterness of their disgrace, which is even worse than the defeat. This is, indeed, what they learned from defeat:

> Only one thing is important, to liberate man who has become an empty shell, a tool of techniques, a creation of abstract political laws which he has himself made absolute . . . Only then, when man shall have taken his rightful place, the prerequisite for harmony in the individual will be fulfilled, and thus also in the state.

That may not sound like much, or it may sound like an old story, but it is one thing upon which all Europeans can agree. Let us make the most of it.

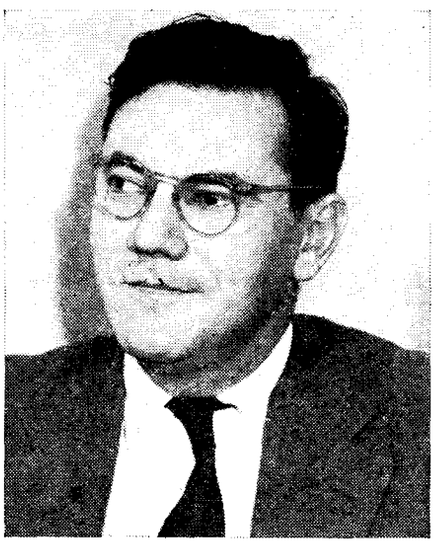
Make Ours Hemlock

EARLY TALES OF THE ATOMIC AGE. By Daniel Lang. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc. 1948. 225 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD B. GEHMAN

EVERYONE who has ever been around a newspaper city room knows of the religion editor who kept hoping for the Second Coming, so that at last he could get a banner-headlined, by-lined story on the front page. Today, with most American newspapers unsurpassed for mediocrity, one wonders if they could help making a mess of their coverage of Christ's arrival. Certainly they already have done a superlative job of misinterpreting the greatest news story of all time.

That almost no first-rate reporting came out of the atomic bomb story is a comment both on the reporters and on the story itself. If the explosion failed to bowl over the American citizens, it was because it left the press unmoved: an extra or two, some feature stories, a few pictures—in all, a slight interruption—, and then it was time to go on baiting Russians and New Dealers. Some of the more enterprising editors sent reporters to Oak Ridge. They came asking questions like "When can I see a chain reaction?"; when it was explained to them that that was impossible, their faces took on the hurt, pouting look of children who have been denied a promised trip to the movies. There were exceptions, of course: the stories of William L. Laurence of *The New York Times* were accurate and authoritative; but Mr. Laurence had been kidnapped by General Groves, and some of his objectivity may have been worn away by the General's uncontrolled exuberance ("No Army officer in history ever had this much power!" the General was fond of remarking). Howard Blakeslee, of Associated Press, did a series of articles, but his space was limited and, apparently, he was the victim of unsympathetic editing.



Daniel Lang didn't drink the press officer's booze or "ask if any monstrous babies had been born."

For the most part, from the very beginning, the press printed reams of misinformation. Not all of it, unfortunately, has been corrected; indeed, it's not too much to say that if intelligence and conscience had been brought to bear on the atomic story originally, if the people had been made fully aware of what their scientists and engineers had wrought, our postwar policies at home and abroad might have been altered considerably for the better. Three years after Hiroshima, it is almost too late to do anything about it. Not that anyone seems to want to; along Newspaper Row the Hearsts, the Howards, and the McCormicks, sublimely unaware of

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their guilt, are drinking champagne instead of hemlock.

Thus it is doubtful if Daniel Lang's collection of "Early Tales" will do much to help correct the misinformation. There is no disputing that *The New Yorker* reporters are the best in the business; perhaps they are because their editors, Harold Ross, William Shawn, Sanderson Vanderbilt, and others, share the outmoded and rather eccentric notion that truth is important in a news story. Daniel Lang is one of the best of *The New Yorker* stable. He came to Oak Ridge not to drink the press officer's booze, not to ask if any monstrous babies had been born to plant workers' wives (everybody wanted to know that, right off), not to complain about the Tennessee heat, not to sleep with the little dormitory girls (who outnumbered single men about twelve to one), but to uncover as many facts as he could. Apparently he went, later, to Washington, to Los Alamos, to Brookhaven, and into the caves of West Virginia (to mention only a few of his stopping-points) for the same peculiar purpose.

What has emerged from Lang's labors is the first sound book about the men and women who made the atomic bomb and who are continuing to make more bombs. It is a book full of frightened, nervous people, presented in a way that should frighten and unnerve even the most callous, Hearst-stupefied readers; it is one of the few pieces of writing on atomic energy that seems to be aware of the appalling significance of its own subject.

Carl Van Doren, another man who appears to know what $E=MC^2$ means, says in a short introduction that no communication of the real magnitude of atomic energy is possible, that people want to know if an atomic bomb is as powerful as an earthquake, or a volcanic eruption. This may be; on the other hand, it may also be that people ask such questions because no one has provided them with the proper background to ask more intelligent ones. Daniel Lang's book provides a great deal of background in a pointed, telling manner, but it may be that it has come too late. Only by reprinting it on the front pages, and by informing the public in an objective and conscientious manner on future atomic energy matters, can the nation's press atone for the damage it has done. This is, of course, expecting too much; and even if it were possible, if by some miracle the newspapermen should suddenly become aware of their responsibility, it still might be too late.

God help Christ when He comes again.

Humor. *His "screwball wit," Time once wrote of S. J. Perelman, "calls for an exquisite sense of cliche and mimicry, and a nihilism which delights in knocking over-crystallized words, objects, and gestures into glassy pieces that cut each other." In his latest, reviewed below, S. J. Perelman joins the throng of respectable American humorists who have gotten a laugh out of foreign parts. You can read all about P. T. Barnum's expedition to Europe with General Tom Thumb in 1844 in his "Struggles and Triumphs: or Forty Years' Recollections"; then of course there's Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," published in 1869, and "Artemus Ward: His Travels" of 1865. Peter Finley Dunne's best book was "Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War" on the Spanish-American war—and don't forget Bob Hope's 1944 try, "I Never Left Home."*

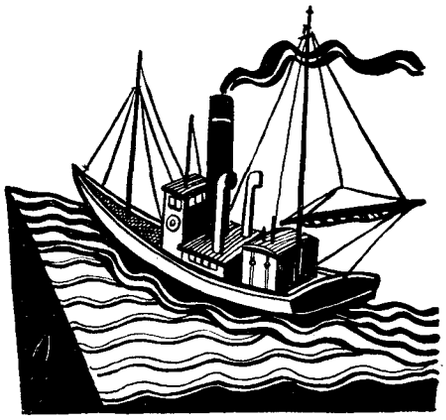
He Drinks, Schemes, Fights, Triumphs

THE CANNY MR. GLENCANNON. By Guy Gilpatric. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 213 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LEE ROGOW

TAKE one walrus-mustachioed chief engineer of the British tramp steamer *S.S. Inchcliff Castle.* Soak well in that salubrious fluid, Dugan's Dew of Kirkintilloch. Add a Cockney first officer with the sticky soul of a temperance lecturer, and a bumbling, tub-o'-guts captain. Sprinkle with the spice of far-off places and serve piping hot. Here is the recipe of the canny Mr. Gilpatric for "The Canny Mr. Glencannon," the new collection of Glencannon fables from the *SEP.*

This is the umpteenth book of Glencannon yarns from Mr. Gilpatric's well-lubricated typewriter. Neither snow, nor rain, nor gloom of night stays this *Post*-man from the swift completion of his appointed rounds. By now, I should calculate, Mister Glencannon is known to more American readers than is Huckleberry Finn. The head snipe of the *Inchcliff Castle* engine room is a curiously limited character to have supported this five-foot shelf of product. The stories have the sameness of a row of houses in a commuter's real estate development.



A shrub is altered in position, but the basic floor plan is the same. Mr. Glencannon drinks, Mr. Glencannon schemes, Mr. Glencannon fights, Mr. Glencannon triumphs.

What keeps us turning eagerly to the next preposterous adventure is Mr. Gilpatric's wit. The author is not one for the brittle cross-chat which is the feature attraction of the slick-magazine stories of Robert Carson, and others of that bunch. Gilpatric dishes out humor in epic-sized chunks. His characters do not speak in dialect; they mangle language, assaulting it bodily, crushing and bending words into shapes no phonetics professor could pronounce. Mr. Glencannon can trade repartee with any man, but he prefers the more decisive rejoinder of the brass knuckles correctly applied. Here are no la-de-da accounts of the boy-meets-girl, boy-talks-funny-to-girl, boy-gets-girl variety. Mr. Glencannon gets into a drunken argument with himself and smacks himself on the noggin with a whiskey bottle; Mr. Glencannon goes leaping through the streets of Glasgow at the nether end of the cable of a loose barrage balloon; Mr. Glencannon, finding his hyperthyroid cousin nurse-maiding the thirty apes of Gibraltar, attempts to introduce a fake offspring into the ape colony.

This is all heroic stuff, the grand-scale guffaws which old masters like Gilpatric and William Hazlitt Upson—the Alexander Botts-Earthworm tractor man—know so well how to deliver. Except that the plots have a tendency to get short in the breath in the last few paragraphs, the latest cargo of Glencannon stories demonstrates beautifully how good a good man can get when he has been grinding out stories for the shiny paper magazines for a couple of decades.

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Durante of Discourse

WESTWARD HA! By S. J. Perelman. Drawings by Hirschfeld. New York: Simon & Schuster, Inc. 1948. 159 *pp.* $2.95.

Reviewed by HORACE SUTTON

NOT satisfied with some seven books, untold magazine pieces, and a rather substantial reputation, S. J. Perelman, the Durante of discourse, decided to take his talents to the theatre. With Vernon Duke, Ogden Nash, and Al Hirschfeld, the gentleman who does the sketches for the Sunday drama section of *The New York Times,* Perelman contrived a musical comedy called "Sweet Bye and Bye," which, in the summer of 1946, was bobbing about in the try-out circuit around New York getting up nerve to come in. On face value the show's authors would seem about the most formidable foursome to have joined forces since the quartet from Rigoletto. Nonetheless, as Perelman explains, the show "closed in Philadelphia like a ten-cent mouse trap the day this story opens."

Nash and Duke were last seen going into seclusion, and presumably the twenty-three angels went back to heaven. Perelman and Hirschfeld, signifying a sophisticated nonchalance, immediately left for a trip around the world. This book is a compilation of Perelman essays and Hirschfeld sketches denoting the experiences of "a couple of middle-aged esthetes trained on corned beef and Dr. Brown's Celery Tonic," which were originally logged in a monthly series for *Holiday.*

In "Goodbye Broadway, Hello Mal de Mer," which might be called the bon voyage chapter, the incipient globe trotter haunts cut-rate luggage shops, buys maps (of Melanesia, India, and Africa), issues "ukases to my tailor for cummerbunds and stengah shifters," gets fitted for contact lenses by a "sinister Torquemada with a Brooklyn accent," and finally takes leave of his family—

> "Well, folks," I said casually, "Daddy's off to the Seven Seas." Unfortunately at this precise moment my foot encountered a roller skate lying athwart the threshold. As my wife and the dwarfs looked up in astonishment, I ricocheted across the room, clawed ineffectually at the *toile de Jouy* drapes, and stemming myself with a Christiana turn, crashed to the floor, taking a cloisonné vase with me. The memsahib sighed heavily. "It's no use trying to conceal it any longer, children," she told them. "He drinks."

The pair head west by way of Hollywood, and board the *Marine Flier,* a freighter heading for Shanghai, the Strait Settlements, and India.

> I spent [the first couple of days] stretched out in the lower tier of my double berth, gritting my teeth to prevent my tongue from escaping. . . . It was pikestaff-plain and Doomsday-certain to me, a deep-water sailor since boyhood, that the *Marine Flier* was little more than a cheese box on a raft, and would momentarly founder with all hands.

Well the *Marine Flier* never foundered. It went on, in fact, to Shanghai, Hong Kong, and Singapore. In Hong Kong, a city Hirschfeld would have traded for a hot pastrami sandwich, they interviewed the ex-Emperor of Annam, aged thirty-three, "a short, slippery looking customer rather on the pudgy side and freshly dipped in Crisco. . . . " They lunched with the heir apparent to the throne of the Malay State of Johore, an event which shook Hirschfeld ("a drop of perspiration glinted on his forehead, almost obscuring it"), but Perelman found himself as "glacial and reserved as Sumner Welles at a B'nai B'rith picnic." In Siam he bought three emeralds which, he discovered in Bombay, had been cut down from a very rare Coca-Cola bottle.

Eventually they tour Egypt, revitalize themselves at the Negresco in Nice, get maudlin in Paris, and so home. The dog Perelman left as a puppy has grown to a mastiff, but S. J. regains the canine's confidence by "stroking him gently on the head with a length of chain."

As a humorist, Perelman is a pixie. He walks you down the garden path of simple declarative sentences, then smacks you with a load of double-jointed linguistics. He hits you on the shin with syntax, and when you double over, he steps in to clout you over the head with a hidden hieroglyphic. If you are a fan dating back to "Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge," you'll find the new book, in these days of global consciousness, gives Perelman nothing less than a whole world to play with. If, on the other hand, you're new on the beat, let me warn you that the man sneaks up on you like four martinis. It all looks so pleasant and amiable, and all of a sudden there you are rolling on the floor.

—*Hirschfeld.*

Perelman and Hirschfeld "revitalize themselves at the Negresco in Nice."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 268

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 268 will be found in the next issue.

GKP PLP-OMDKPYY MY

OGEDN FGEP DNRK DPK

ONG DPBB ONRD DNPL

NRCP NPREQ.

SBRWDWY—DEWTWBPKDWY

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 267

I respect faith, but doubt is what gets you an education.

WILSON MIZNER.

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Fiction. *The social problems of postwar America are absorbing our younger writers to such an extent that the primary function of the novelist, the development of living characters, is being sacrificed to the reformer's zeal. The serious and admirable novels of David Alman and Robert Lowry, reviewed this week, illustrate this point. Racial intolerance shows its ugly head in the struggle of a Negro artist in Harlem, and in the revelation of small-town bigotry. The contrast between the use of this explosive and well-worn subject with the latest work of two distinguished Englishwomen, Rumer and Jon Godden, is obvious. The first writes about the ballet; the second is concerned with a spinster in love with a renegade murderer. The plot emerges from characters who weave their own webs, instead of being cast into already existing dilemmas.*

Angel of Doom and Babes in the Woods

FIND ME IN FIRE. By Robert Lowry. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 280 *pp.* $3.

THE LAST PROFESSION. By Jacques Laurent Bost. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 254 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

SPECIFICALLY, Robert Lowry's new novel is a story about a returned soldier who finds himself at odds with the world out of which he had come (a small Ohio town) and about his brief abortive attempt to live in it again. This is becoming the classic American postwar report: you can't go home again. We have read it and are going to read it many times over, with or without its trailing dream of a better world to come. But Lowry's book is also something else. It is an allegory upon a theme that has no special roots in any time or place. The fact that in this instance we are concerned with one Jim Miller who has come back to Doanville, Ohio, from World War II is only because this is a familiar set of circumstances which makes for easy reference to the things we know. The theme itself is anything but easy or familiar; it is something out of the deep and naked center of existence: violence, as a cleansing and re-formative agency. By the very nature of Lowry's vision, Jim Miller is raised quite out of his corporeal self (an ordinary kid who comes limping back on one good leg to see if he can find any pieces of his life as he remembers it) and becomes a terrible, prophetic figure looming over Doanville like an angel of doom with a flaming sword in his hand. The violence of the war seems all pent up in this one body, and he discharges it about him like so much rampant electric current, judging and striking and transforming everyone within his reach.

This is in fact Lowry's own definition of his program. It crops up in the thinking of the three people who impinge upon Jim Miller's turbulent passage through Doanville and are transformed by it. These are Genevieve Aronson, the gentle, liberal, inhibited librarian of the town; Petey Jordan, a girl Jim knew in earlier days, painfully alive now in the hard wakening out of adolescence, bright, perceptive, and vulnerable; and Len Sharpe, a Negro boy of fourteen. Len, like Jim, is a prototypical figure larger than life. Inside him is compressed a whole people's bitter and agonized taste for vengeance. The three of them, Genevieve, Petey, and Len, are poised for flight from Doanville, each for his and her own reason, when Jim Miller comes explosively amongst them, a catalytic agent—and their whole world is tossed up to come down again newly crystallized. They recognize him. They know what he does to them. They embrace his action upon them and call it by name, very much in the mood of the characters in the Greek tragedies, who move through their destinies knowing past and future. Jim is the god let loose among them, who releases Genevieve from her inhibitions, Petey from her fearful loneliness, Len from his hatred ticking in him like a bomb. Jim's instrument is violence, his own, a raging fire within himself let out in lust, rape, and fire too, the real cleansing flame set by Len Sharpe to burn the town.

It is a difficult theme for writer and reader alike. The difficulties in the way of its acceptance are obvious. We have seen too much of violence that is not cleansing but rather corruptive, whatever be its source or motivation. In literature it may bring many obscurities into sudden focus——like a blow that shifts the iron filings into pattern. In life it may be that the pattern is worse than the obscurities; violence may be the most destructive ugliness of all. Here in this novel contrivance is all too plain. Everybody is healed—but couldn't they just as likely have been maimed? Petey's being raped by a man she didn't care very much about can only in an allegory prove to be her open sesame to understanding. There is the book's possible fallacy—it is true of the other characters also. In its favor, Lowry speaks passionately and often with great poetic penetration. Certainly it is out of his own hatred of evil and death that he writes. This violence he invokes is predicated to be in the service of life. Can it be? Upon this the whole argument hinges, in Lowry's modern, apocalyptic allegory.

* * *

ONE reads Jacques Bost's little book on two levels of awareness: going along with it on its own terms in complete understanding of what Bost has done so well, and at the same time standing apart in impatience at the narrow, circumspect lane it travels. You want to cry look! spread out! say more! this is only the beginning of the story! It is a matter of time, I think. At the end of World War I, when Remarque wrote his "All Quiet" in the same mood and out of the same compulsion, Bost's book, had it appeared, would have been as perfect an expression of the thing that had to be said, and I believe it would have received a comparable acclaim. Today as World War III is in the making, this same simple and uninformed human outcry seems strangely childish.

Bost is, if anything, a better writer than Remarque; his impressionism is more objective, his imagery (perhaps for that reason) far more evocative and sharper at the edges. Although there is plenty of emotion in his narrative, and that rueful love of man out of which he and Ramarque draw their common moral, Bost, unlike Remarque, has absolutely no use for sentimentality or melodrama. He could not invent a dead hand reaching for a butterfly. His images are those of the French realists; they treat of the violence and cupidity and gallantry and fear and grossness and hunger of men. Invention is unnecessary. Bost writes, quite briefly and with rare precision, of the early days of the last war. His book is really a series of three or four sketches hinged together upon a group of soldiers common to them all. First, the succession

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Publisher's Gallery

—Drawn from life by Norkin.

XII: Thomas J. Wilson

SOUTHERNER Thomas J. Wilson would be content to direct Harvard's thirty-five-year-old press forever. Winters he likes Boston—especially its concerts — summers, a ramshackle farm, where flourish apple trees, a small garden, and weeds. "It isn't pretty," he insists.

He took over at Cambridge July 1, 1947, after eighteen months as head of the press at the University of North Carolina, where he had gotten an AB and taught French six years—until the depression (and a disinclination for research) spurred him to more prosperous avenues. Specifically, Henry Holt, as foreign language editor, then trade books chief, and by the end of a decade vice president, a position he later held with Reynal & Hitchcock.

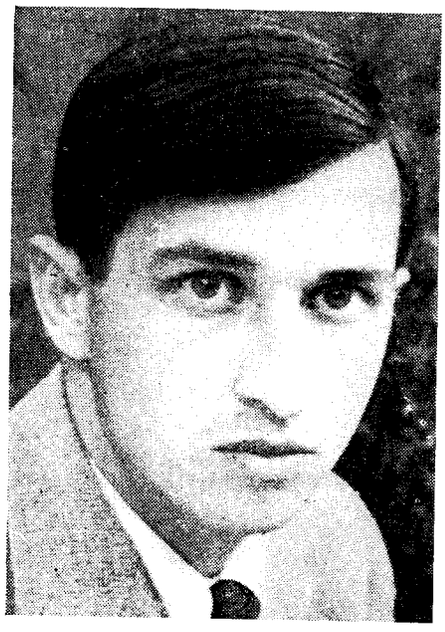
In 1940 he went to sea with the *Enterprise*—after two and one-half weeks' indoctrination. Early in '42 the Navy set him to work on the carrier building program, "which, again, I was not trained for . . . but I was doing things that needed to be done." He came out a commander, believes we must have a better schooled reserve, but hopes his eighteen-year-old son will finish another year at Harvard before volunteering.

He's 6'3½", used to weigh 200 lbs., obviously doesn't tip that now, was born a Democrat in 1902 at Chapel Hill, always voted for FDR, will probably ballot for Dewey, "with misgivings." Recognized as a talented administrator, he has put his staff into high gear for next fall's big Conant book and a two-volume Rembrandt. He doesn't write —"emphatically!"—random articles notwithstanding. "I'd much rather tear somebody else's copy apart." For pleasure reading he'll take detective stories. "I even descend as low as Ellery Queen," he admits without visible shame." —R. G.

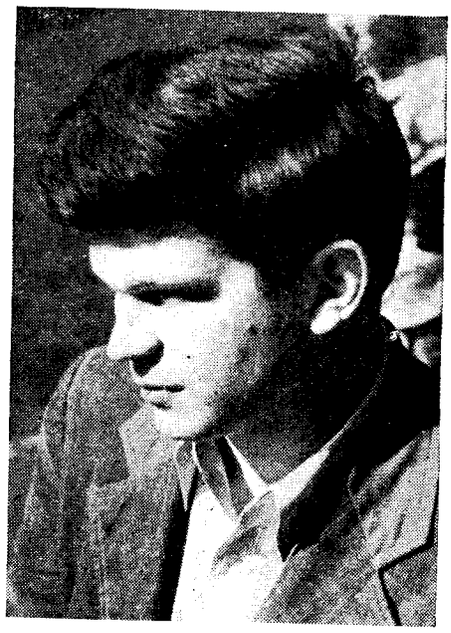
of mobilization like false alarms, and the winter on the Maginot line, an unbelievable montage of freezing patrols without, furnace and cognac and paté and red linoleum within. Are there any Fritzes out there? they ask. Then the blow at Belgium and the Netherlands, and the dream-world is dissipated. Clausse and Beurret and Benoit, Rose and Debart and the narrator, are in the forced march along the road to Sedan, against the stream of refugees running the other way, and the first wave of defeated French troops straggling by in shame. The planes appear above them. They are strafed, decimated. They are deposited in the doomed Meuse area and instructed to hold it without retreat *under any circumstances*. The rest is darkness, weaving back and forth in the woods, grappling with the onrushing Germans, shot down at their guns, making desperate sorties and dragging their dead back with them.

That is all, no real connected narrative but a quick flapping of days on a ghastly calendar, impossible experiences that had to be endured, all orchestrated with endless crackling talk, nervous, wild, boasting, indomitable japery in the fearful dark. The whole atmosphere is that of a tale of babes in the wood. What happened was fearful, unexpected, meaningless. How do you grapple with an escaped madman, how do you hold the door against a cyclone? You can only shrug and weep and bleed, you can hold on till you die, and make desperate jokes.

Well, we know now there is more to say. Perhaps the moronic Beurret did not know it, perhaps the shrewder Rose—but we can believe that Jacques Bernard, the narrator, knew more than this, and certainly Jacques Bost, the author, knows. Is war like an inexplicable storm out of the sky? Is it an inevitable solar cycle? Do madmen make wars? Or do they come out of the deeds and misdeeds of sane men? Winston Churchill, no pacifist, has called it the Unnecessary War. What about the men who called the unnecessary into being, who lifted the madmen willingly into the saddle, out of what complexity of motive? They ought to be in the story of war wherever it is set down, directly in person, or obliquely in the minds of those who have to die the unnecessary death. I know these are not literary questions, of style or unity or organization; they are questions of intellectual credo and they have bearing on a book's final value. A man may write according to the simplest of plans, as Bost has done, about war as it seemed to those who knew only that they were called, they suffered, they were slain. That is the blind view, and it has nothing to tell us. I am thinking of Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead," which is not superior to this in pure observation or its record of men's behavior under stress, but which is far and away a profounder book precisely because it deals with these larger areas of comprehension; Mailer's book explores, along with the fate of men, the forces and philosophies that have created their fate, and continue to create our own. In the absence of this, Bost's account is sharply limited to its small excellence: half the tale perfectly told.



The violence Robert Lowry invokes "is predicated to be in the service of life. Can it be?"



Jacques Laurent Bost's images treat of violence and cupidity and gallantry and fear and grossness and hunger.

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Enchanted with the Entre Chat

A CANDLE FOR ST. JUDE. By Rumer Godden. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 252 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

I HAVE been reading "A Candle for St. Jude" to the sound of country rain, an admirable accompaniment to Rumer Godden's clear, tranquil prose, a prose which seems to fall coolly upon the page, and to make whatever she writes about appear fresh and new. This does not in the least surprise me, for the six graceful, varying novels which have preceded this one, while separate and distinct from each other to the point of virtuosity, have all shown the same clarity and discipline, the same luminous style. In fact, I am so susceptible to Miss Godden's work that I have come to believe that she cannot write anything except with distinction, and that even her green-grocer's list would be worthy of Garamond and hard covers.

"A Candle for St. Jude" is a novel about the ballet, and when I say that I mean it is about the ballet the way "The Magic Mountain" is about a tuberculosis sanatarium; for the characters in this tender, spirited story are obsessed and single-minded devotees of an arrogant art which isolates them and binds them together in a common cause; they come when they are still children to lead the life of the temple, to serve the high priests and priestesses and to learn the litanies of *entre chat, chassée, arabesque, assemblée, jete croisée, glissé, cabriole.* They are aware of life,, which is the Dance, and beyond that there are the things which other people do, and which do not greatly concern them. This is the world into which Rumer Godden takes you and where you must live throughout this book, for there is no other place to go.

If I was not as immediately affected by "A Candle for St. Jude" as by "Black Narcissus" and "The River" it was not so much Rumer Godden's fault as mine. It had to do with my attitude toward the ballet, which is Philistine and ignorant, and marked by the professed boredom which so often serves to conceal the cultural lag; all I know about ballet is what I read in the papers. Then Rumer Godden enchanted me, as she can always do, and I got to know Anna Holbein. I do not mean that I have become a balletomane, but I do know that the next time I go to see the ballet danced I am going to keep quiet and watch, and maybe learn something.

Thirty years before Page 1 of "A Candle for St. Jude" Madame Holbein had seen the wisteria growing over an old coach house on a London street and had known at once that she must have it for her ballet theatre. A prima ballerina who had danced out her childhood in the old classic school in St. Petersburg, she had retired when her perfection faltered, put her ballet slippers under a glass bell on the table and started her theatre and the school. There was never any money, but there was always a Way, and there was always Miss Ilse and Zanny and Miss Porteous and Rebecca who looked after Anna with a kind of exasperated tenderness and managed to perform the miracles which Anna dreamed up. It was Miss Ilse who met all crises by running to the Church to burn a candle to St. Jude, the saint of lost causes. Anna didn't put much faith in St. Jude, she believed in Anna Holbein and in the ballet. When Anna met her match in Hilda French, a quiet girl as hard and brilliant and talented as Anna had been at seventeen, she could not resist the jealous impulse to thwart her. Anna Holbein had always had her way, but one thing had always taken precedence over her will: her artistic integrity. Hilda's original ballet was profound and beautiful, and Anna knew it, but it should have been Anna Holbein who had written it and Anna who should be dancing it as Hilda danced it. And besides, even if Anna Holbein should give over to a sulky girl who happened to be a genius, there would not be time to prepare the ballet before the curtain went up that evening. "Time passes, that is what they say, thought Madame, but that is what it cannot do . . ." Plainly, a miracle was required. Miss Ilse went running to St. Jude. And Anna Holbein, a proud, imperious, heroic old woman who had thought she was fifty years away from greatness, made a short, painful journey to herself.

When I had finished reading, it was no longer raining, and the fireflies were out. I hadn't noticed when it stopped.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

NAME THE BIRDIE

Francis Allen, of West Roxbury, Massachusetts, asks you to supply the names of the twenty different birds that are omitted in the following quotations from twenty different poets. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. (If you can't name the bird but can name the poet, credit yourself with five points anyway.) Answers on page 26.

1. Hark! ah, the ....., the tawny-throated!
2. I flung my soul to the air like a ..... flying.
3. A .... in a cage puts all heaven in a rage.
4. That's the wise .....; he sings each song twice over.
5. Thou green-crested ....., thy screaming forbear—
   I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair!
6. And a good south wind sprung up behind;
   The ..... did follow.
7. The ..... is the one that interrupts the morn.
8. The ....., high floating, like a sloop unladen,
   Lets the loose water waft him as it will.
9. Such a number of ..... came over her head,
   Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed.
10. The ....., for all his feathers, was a-cold.
11. The ..... chirped as if they still were proud
    Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be.
12. Gladness on wings, the ..... is here.
13. To hear the ..... begin his flight,
    And singing, startle the dull night.
14. But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
    For ..... to pick at.
15. ....., my sister, O sister .....,
    How can thine heart be full of the spring?
16. In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished .....
17. One little ..... and I.
18. I longed to hear a simpler strain, the wood-notes of the .....
19. Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,
    Out of the .....'s throat, the musical shuttle.
20. O .....! shall I call thee Bird,
    Or but a wandering Voice?

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Escape Into Terror

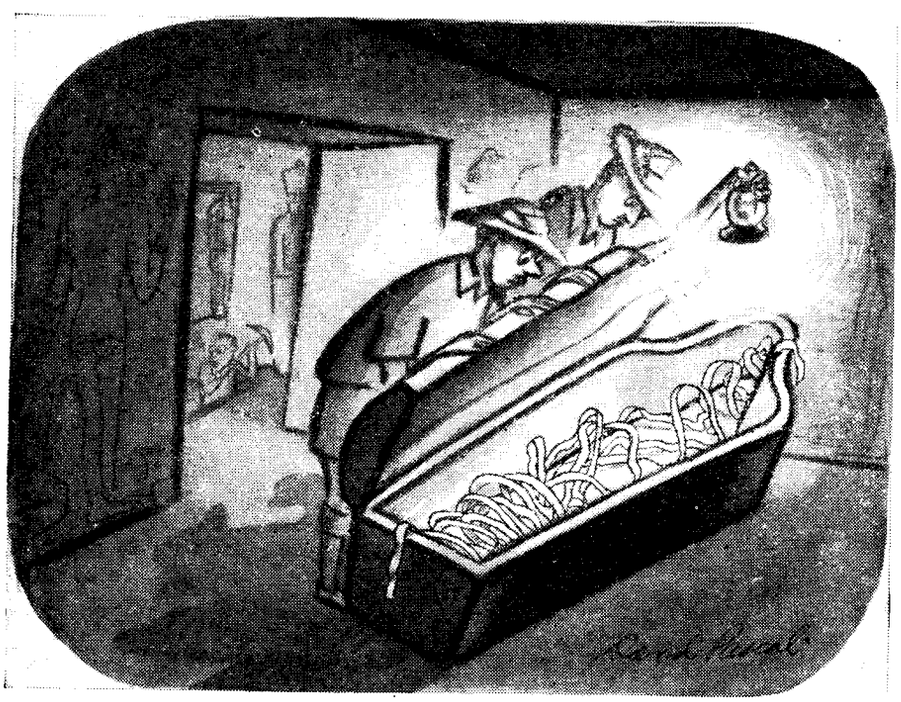
THE HOUSE BY THE SEA. By Jon Godden. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 271 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

POETIC thrillers seem to be best left in the hands of English novelists. Certainly the delicate spun prose that we find here in Jon Godden's second novel, with all its subtle intimations, its underplayed elements of violence and sheer melodrama, is seldom if ever found in our own thrillers. And yet what is so surprising, but extremely indicative of Miss Godden's apparent mastery of this particular type of story, is that her book is no less thrilling for its poetic treatment. There is nothing contrived or artificial about her situations or characters, let alone her language. Showing both sensitivity and a deep insight into the passions and conflicts which lie beneath the surface of the most humdrum lives, she writes a narrative that never lets go of our imagination until we have finished with it. Tingling with excitement, our heart must go racing ahead of our fear and growing suspense until we have devoured the last line. And even then we find ourselves so firmly gripped in a vise of terror and suspense that the spell Miss Godden has so cleverly woven around us remains for several hours before we are finally able to shake it off to get on to the next book awaiting our attention.

Typical of the understatement with which Miss Godden has carried off her haunting tale is the title she has chosen for her book. Perhaps another novelist, trying for more showy effect, would have called it "The Spinster and the Killer" and been guilty of nothing more than being obvious. Not Miss Godden. Her methods are not only less sensational, they are also as a rule somewhat more rarely successful. When they do come off, however, the occasion calls all the more for rejoicing, as Miss Godden's novel proves. Oddly enough, Jon Godden's sister Rumer Godden, is the only other novelist since Virginia Woolf who has penetrated so successfully that inner world where every last filament of the human nerve is exposed to the delicate mutations of time so that even animate and inanimate objects become one. Jon Godden's spinsterly heroine Edwina, seeking escape from the realities and the pressures of wartime London and the tyranny of her female friend Maud, finds solace in a lonely house that she has bought on the remote cliffs of Cornwall. The house takes on a warm, living personality all its own. Before long we do not find it at all strange that Edwina has made out of her loneliness, a safe world for herself of the things in "her house by the sea." We find her talking endlessly to the rooms and the various pieces of furniture in the rooms; and even at times they talk to her, expressing disapproval or concern for the welfare of big, soft, kind, frightened Edwina, running away from life. The house and the furniture seem to know long before Edwina discovers the truth—that safeness is only an illusion at best; that it cannot last.

Although it may have occurred to the shy, awkward spinster that the wind and rain might invade her tidy little shell, Edwina never counts on or ever dreams that romance, heartache, terror, and death will come stalking into her house in the shape of a desperate young American deserter. The story of those days and nights, with Edwina and the hunted killer under the same roof, with fear finally giving way to a strange unbreakable bond of understanding between them, gives Miss Godden full opportunity to show us how expertly she can blend the real with the imaginary, and, moreover, how deft she is at driving us headlong toward the terrifying climax of her extraordinarily fine novel.



The Color of Night

THE WELL OF COMPASSION. By David Alman. New York: Simon & Schuster, Inc. 1948. 278 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

IN the constant struggle of the Negro to live in a white world and to be complete in himself the creative artist suffers as bitterly as any man of his race. Whether he is a novelist, poet, or painter, he must compete with white men and sell the work of his brain and heart to them. He must learn in the end that there is no true fraternity of art when it comes to the color line. He will be met with that inverted and insulting flattery that distorts the value of his work simply because he is a Negro, and learn to accept without wincing the contemptuous praise of men who would not sit beside him at dinner. It is inevitable that he should at first conceive of art as a means of ridding himself of his chains, and then, if he is not to be maimed and cast aside, discover at last that he no longer wants to escape or to forget that he is a black man.

This is the theme of "The Well of Compassion," David Alman's second novel. It is written with a passionate understanding of the suffering and travail of a stalwart young colored painter in Harlem who has been working without training or hope of recognition whenever he can find the time or the money to buy canvas and paint. The novel begins in the impoverished room in Harlem where Lock Sharon has lived with a girl who has that night died of consumption. Out of his agony and his memories he draws the first sketch of a painting he calls "the she Jesus," which is one day to make him famous. During its progress he is

(*Continued on page* 36)

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Hasten the Day

SINCE all men but a brilliant few think habitually in terms of the finite, mankind has evolved for itself a convenient frame of reference in arbitrary division of time. We group events in centuries, decades, lustrums—spans of years in which no necessary special significance inheres but which serve to isolate and define certain happenings and trends of thought within specific bounds. It happens, of course, as it has happened within our recent past, that a particular decade may mark a watershed of history, that it may contain within ten fearful years crises, principles, and affairs on which the whole future destiny of society depends. Such a decade, it might be supposed, would find its reflection in a literature big with the importance of the period, surging with ideas, instinct with emotion. But has it? A convenient measure of its character has just appeared in a volume* in which Mr. Asa Don Dickinson has listed the "best" 400 books of the decade 1936-1945 as they emerge from a computation of points on the basis of hundreds of selective lists. The fourth in a series of similar works, Mr. Dickinson's volume offers opportunity for comparison with the past as well as data for the present.

First and foremost, there appears the fact that not only no great book, but no book faintly approaching greatness, has been born of the most momentous years in history. In the list of twenty books which represent the critics' choice, out of "the best 400" in English and in translated foreign tongues the greatest number of points go in fiction to Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls" (680) and John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" (589), and in non-fiction to Douglas Southall Freeman's "Lee's Lieutenants" (583) and Van Wyck Brooks's "New England: Indian Summer" (560). (It should be borne in mind that the rating is based on American lists only.) On no possible grounds can Mr. Hemingway's novel be regarded as great, and there would probably be few among his readers to rank it first even among his own works which contain, in "A Farewell to Arms," one of the few novels of our time likely to be widely read beyond them. As to "Grapes of Wrath," powerful social document as it is, and highly significant as it appeared during the dolorous years of the depression, its importance rested more on its timeliness than on its lasting qualities as literature. And admirable as the studies of both Mr. Brooks and Mr. Freeman are, and despite the fact that they will doubtless hold a permanent place on the shelf of American cultural and political history, they still are not of the stature of the writing of a Sainte-Beuve or a Macaulay, that is of the stature of greatness.

Two trends are notable in Mr. Dickinson's lists: a swing away from fiction—in the decade from 1901-25, thirty out of fifty favorite books were fiction, in that of 1926-35, twenty-one were fiction, while in 1936-45, the decade under consideration here, only eighteen are fiction—and a similar shrinkage in poetry. The decline in the novel is probably in part ascribable to the fact that many of its best practitioners in England were rendered inarticulate by the war and in part to the concentration of popular interest on public affairs. Poetry, so vigorous, so daring in its experimentation, so urgent after the First World War, in this decade of the Second lagged behind its earlier repute partly because it was harnessed for the purposes of propaganda, but partly, too, because the excitement of its renascence in the Twenties seems to have spent itself.

Notable is the fact that books by Americans took precedence in the favor of the critics over those by British and other foreign writers. In a rating of twenty-five favorite authors who wrote before 1901, only three were American; out of the twenty-five adjudged best in 1936-45, twenty-two were American. This is a remarkable showing, but in the span of almost half a century in which the comparison is made American literature had cast off its swaddling clothes, and relying on the native scene for material, had burst into lusty life. Before 1900, though a native literature was already putting out vigorous shoots, still for the most part it remained bound to England for model and character.

A surprising feature of the current tabulation is the decline in the rating given to women novelists. Of the twenty-five writers adjudged leading in 1926-35, eight were women; of the twenty-five who held similar place in 1936-45, only one, Virginia Woolf, is a woman. Since during this latter period Ellen Glasgow, Willa Cather, Elinor Wylie, and G. B. Stern were writing, the shift from the woman novelist would seem to indicate that preoccupation with war, depression, and the international crisis, subjects more generally dealt with in the novels of men than of women, as well as the quality of the books produced by the women, had something to do with the change of emphasis on the work of the sexes.

So much for statistics. What do they indicate? Apparently, as has often been said before, that wars and tumult and a multiplicity of problems are not the climate in which great literature is nourished. The present is too all-important, the future too doubtful, in such times of overwhelming odds, for the release of fancy, the contemplative mood, and the detachment of mind which are the sources from which great writing springs. "Every great literature," Chesterton once said, "has always been allegorical—allegorical of some view of the whole universe." The universe has been obscured in our day by the clouds of war and fear and confusion. It is pity but small wonder that literature like all else should move hesitantly and uncertainly through the surrounding gloom. Perhaps if the clouds should lift, and men once again come to know confident tomorrows, Mr. Dickinson's ratings for the next decade will show the masterpiece which the past ten years have failed to produce. Hasten the day!

A. L.

*THE BEST BOOKS OF THE DECADE: 1936-1945. By Asa Don Dickinson. New York: The H. W. Wilson Co. 1948. 288 pp. $3.

Prefabricated

By Alice Porter

NOT from a broken promise
Has love grown sick and died,
But for the slow betrayal
Of what was self-implied.

The mind must use for measure
A Kodak's candid eyes—
Yet the heart makes its picture
Of flimsiest surmise.

Thus love is only over,
And life, an empty cup,
When lovers see with sorrow
That they made each other up!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Equal Rights

SIR: Harrison Smith's semi-satirical editorial "The Women Are Coming" [*SRL* July 17] is a lesson in semantics as an example of the well-meaning liberal who believes that a movement labeled "equal rights" is necessarily a good thing.

The so-called "Equal Rights Amendment," which has been introduced into every session of Congress since 1923, without favorable action, is said by its proponents to remove all discriminations against women and make them "equal" under law to men. Unfortunately, one of the first effects of passage of this amendment would be the nullification of the protective laws for women in industry, laws which are essential because of physical differences between the sexes. Non-support laws, special provisions for widows, and similar protections recognize women's responsibilities to the family, and therefore afford special privilege to women for reasons important both to the family and the state.

The "Equal Rights Amendment" can add nothing to the opportunity of equal citizenship granted by the Nineteenth Amendment. It would only serve to put, in mandatory form, an abstract statement of general principle into the Federal Constitution which would detract rather than add to women's economic opportunities. The League of Women Voters, among other national organizations, has long opposed this suggested amendment, since it believes that better laws for women, secured state by state, will provide not "equal rights," or identical treatment, but a true equality of opportunity so that women may have legally a fair chance to develop both as women and as citizens. Most discriminations against women are due not to law at all, but to prejudice both in business and in the professions, and these habits of thought are not amenable to legal remedies. The essential tool, the vote, has been secured. It follows that specific statutory discriminations will be removed from state books just as soon as enough voters care enough about the offending laws to use their votes to remove them.

VIRGINIA L. DEUTCH.

St. Louis, Mo.

Apropos Dr. Bell

SIR: My attention has been drawn to your article containing the old and exploded fable that Dr. Bell was the originator of Sherlock Holmes [*SRL* May 1].

In my capacity as Sir Arthur's son and one who was in his confidence, and aware of the criminal investigation cases that he handled, I have already exposed this fallacious nonsense apropos Dr. Bell in my monograph "The True Conan Doyle." I have in my possession the inside facts of the correspondence and friendly association that linked my father and his old professor, Dr. Bell. I wish to place it on record that there is not a word of truth in Mr. Irving Wallace's statement that Dr. Bell made an assertion that he was Sherlock Holmes. On the contrary, he denied it most flatly, while on the other hand in 1918 my father put on record the fact that Sherlock Holmes was none other than himself.

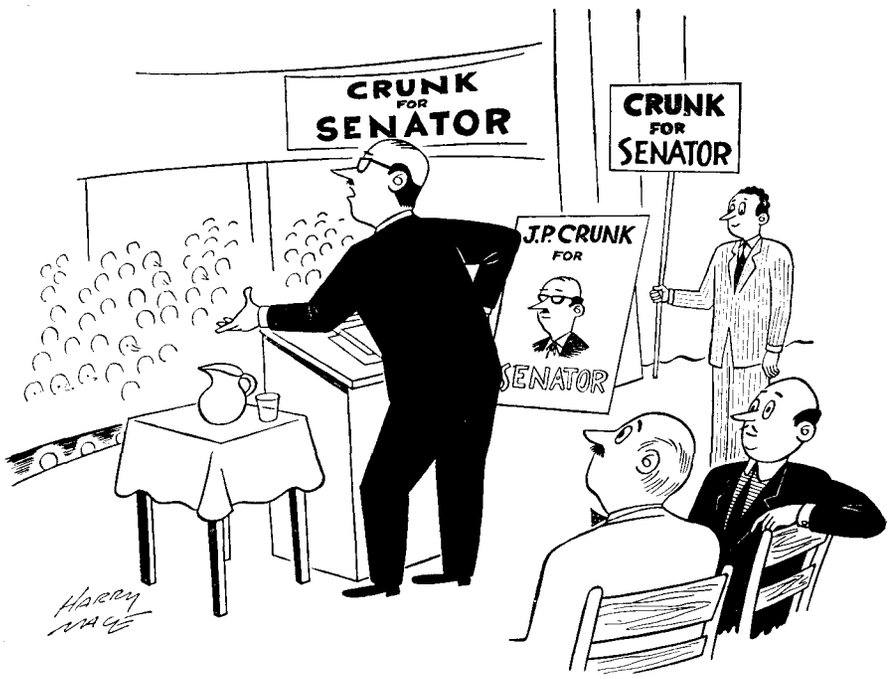
I may conclude by informing you that the first genuine biography of my father, written by Mr. John Dickson Carr, is to be published at the end of this year simultaneously throughout the whole world. For the first time the real facts of Sherlock Holmes will be given to the public based upon Dickson Carr's minute investigations among my father's private papers, none of which had ever previously been examined.

This great biography, containing nothing but substantiated facts, will, I believe, be the standard reference work on my father for all time to come and will undoubtedly nullify once and for all the amateur nonsense that the worthy Dr. Bell was the origin of Sherlock Holmes.

As Dr. Bell possessed a few attributes of Sherlock Holmes it amused my father, for excellent reasons of his own that will be apparent in the forthcoming biography, to appear to condone the public illusion. The criminologists of Europe, however, knew otherwise.

ADRIAN M. CONAN DOYLE.

Bignell Wood, Minstead.
Lyndhurst, Hants, Eng.



"Frankly, ladies and gentlemen, I need the job!"

Transcendental Circle

SIR: No one but a probable philosopher like Richard Irwin could possibly possess sufficient insight to group in a single company the apparently diverse persons of a traditional Jesus, a bruited Hearst, a crusading McCormick, a bristling Beard, a legendary FDR, and a superseded Hitler. The mystic, Mr. Irwin, shrewdly recognizes that a transcendental circle takes in *all* Men of Distinction. Sir, I contend that Mr. Irwin's letter in *SRL* June 26 is a subtle plea for unequivocal brotherhood.

CHARLES CZAP.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Childbirth

SIR: May I recommend to Rosalind Bacon Hall [*SRL* July 3] the childbirth scene in Sigrid Undset's "Kristin Lavransdatter."

R. E. SEBENTHALL.

Mount Horeb, Wis.

Isaac Newton's Dates

SIR: No doubt Alfred E. Cohn knows Sir Isaac Newton's dates as well as any of us, and better than most. It is strange to find him saying in the June 19 issue, "Following on the discoveries of Newton and Darwin the complexion of Anglo-American life became something different." Mr. Cohn seems to have telescoped his thought; but an uninstructed reader might really make mistaken deductions and not only as to dates.

JOSEPHINE M. BURNHAM.

Lawrence, Kan.

Front

SIR: Re Asher Brynes's letter in reply to Elmer Davis's letter June 5.

Send Brynes back to the dictionary for his definition of a liberal. And for heaven's sake, teach him *what* Socialism means. He apparently has not learned that what the Germans and the Russians have called Socialism was but a front to cover up all those little activities to further their own ends. They don't have and never did have Socialism, and yet he keeps on using their definition of it.

EDWIN R. SAFFORD, III.

Syracuse, N. Y.

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Personal History

John Hope was a "white" Negro who chose to work for his race. Francis Lieber, driven to these shores by Prussian reaction, was a vigorous, intelligent German whose contribution to our cultural life was notable. Two timely biographies, reviewed below, celebrate the useful lives of these two members of minority groups in our midst. Ridgely Torrence's story of the Negro educator John Hope bears some resemblance to the forthcoming autobiography of Walter White, that other "white" Negro who has done so much for his race. . . . The memoirs of Marshal Badoglio, reviewed below, follow close on "From the Ashes of Disgrace" (SRL June 12), the apologia of Admiral Maugeri, once director of Mussolini's Naval Intelligence. A last fragment of autobiography from Mussolini himself, written shortly before his death, is being edited for publication, augmenting his "My Autobiography" (1928).

Hard Facts of a Noble Life

THE STORY OF JOHN HOPE. By Ridgely Torrence. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 398 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by RUFUS EARLY CLEMENT

THE publication of this biography of a distinguished American educator is significant, coming at a time when there is considerable discussion of the rights, abilities, and opportunities of our citizens of minority status. John Hope, in spite of his fair skin, blue eyes, and auburn (later, snowy white) hair belonged to one of these minority groups; he always made it clear that he was a Negro.

Mr. Torrence traces Hope's ancestry back to Scotland, whence his father was brought to America in 1817. After a period of residence in New York City, during which James Hope entered the mercantile business, the young Scotsman journeyed South and settled in Augusta, Georgia, in 1831. Here in one of the quiet, cultural centers of the antebellum South a romantic attachment with a young Negro woman developed, and eventually John Hope was one of six children born to the racially mixed couple. An interesting commentary on race relations in that city, the South, and Georgia in the Reconstruction Period is found in the fact that the law made it impossible for the couple to be legally bound, but public sentiment and custom (fortified by numerous examples) permitted and condoned their living openly as man and wife. The family was reared in a home presided over by the affluent and respected Augusta merchant, James Hope. Persons of both races moved naturally in and out of the Hope home as friends and neighbors.

The story reveals that John Hope was in the truest sense a self-made man. The death of his father while he was still a mere lad and the subsequent mishandling of the estate by the executor left the Hope mother and children in real need. John dropped out of school for five years in order to place his earnings at the disposal of his mother. But ambition did not die, and largely through his own efforts (coupled with his self-denials) Hope went through Worcester Academy and was graduated from Brown University.

John Hope could have had a distinguished career free from the retrictions which America would place upon him because of one part of his racial ancestry. But this course the conscientious young man refused to follow. He elected to become a teacher and to cast his lot with the needy Negroes of the South. Tennessee, and chiefly his native Georgia, became in turn the seat of his activities. But from the time he became a college president at thirty-eight until his death at sixty-seven his stature so increased that neither the South, the nation, nor his race could lay full hold upon his services; he moved in international circles.

Dr. Hope's main contributions were in the fields of education and race relations. As president of Morehouse College (the first of his race to hold the office) he not only proved that a person with Negro blood in his veins was capable of real leadership in higher education, but he built an outstanding institution. And while death robbed him of the chance to build in Atlanta the university which was in his mind, he lived long enough to harness together the powerful but disssident forces which were present among the institutions for the higher education of Negroes in Atlanta, and to lay the firm foundation upon which is being constructed the unique co-operative enterprise which is today the Atlanta University Center.

In the field of race relations—nay, better—human relations, John Hope was a master. Mr. Torrence quotes numerous letters and speeches, and cites instance after instance attesting Dr. Hope's competence in this area. Widely traveled, he had an opportunity to know many people of different races, and he found in them the basic qualities which confirmed his belief in the essential brotherhood of man. He was outspoken in the defense of his own racial group and also in his desire for justice for all men. As he put it,

> . . . all people without reference to race ought to have the opportunity to develop to the highest power that they can develop, and all people ought to be interested in the welfare of every other person. There will never be real democracy until there is a disposition and a purpose on the part of all citizens that all citizens should be free.

How applicable and timely is this expression in this hour in our nation's history! Dr. Hope's career shows that this was no mere speech. He was deeply interested in the welfare of all people.

In this powerful narrative Ridgely Torrence has given us the full story of a most interesting and worthy man. The book is a product of scholarship of the highest order. But it is also more than that. It is a blending of the poet's skill and devotion with the hard facts of a noble life.

Rufus Early Clement, distinguished Negro educator, succeeded John Hope as president of Atlanta University in 1937.

Badoglio Apologia

ITALY IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR. By Marshal Pietro Badoglio. New York: Oxford University Press. 234 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by SEYMOUR S. KLINE

TO the ever-growing canvas of World War II, Pietro Badoglio, head of the Italian Government which surrendered to the Allies, has added in fine detail the fragment relating to his own role. As an historical document it has value, and its precise account of events about which Badoglio had unique personal knowledge throws into focus many patterns obscured in the confusion surrounding the fall of Mussolini's Fascism. However, the marshal's "memories" must be read with caution.

From the very first pages the book, which more accurately might be en-

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titled "Badoglio in the Second World War," is an unending apologia for the author's course of action. Badoglio, in fact, has the effrontery to dedicate his volume to "all the Italians who offered their lives, their labor, and their suffering" in "the struggle against Nazi-Fascist tyranny." This from the man who was the conqueror of Ethiopia, a top adviser on Italian intervention in the Spanish Civil War, and the dictator's chief military aide until after the disastrous Greek campaign of World War II. But, reservations in mind, one can find a wealth of interesting material in the three-part volume.

The first section covers the last days of peace, Italy's jackal attack on France, the smashing Fascist reversals, the coup d'état which overthrew the dictatorship, and the establishment of the Badoglio government. There are disappointing gaps.

While an adequate analysis is made of the Greek misadventure, Italy's military disasters in Africa are dismissed in a paragraph. Even though Badoglio was in retirement during the latter period, his expert military appraisal would have been worth while. And the marshal, for reasons best known to himself, is exasperatingly vague about the deposing of Mussolini, a project in which he was a prime mover. In the highly rewarding second section, Badoglio painstakingly charts his struggles as chief of state to salvage something from the Fascist ruins. One might almost sympathize with his semi-pathetic maneuverings were it not for his continuous carping at others.

From Allied spokesmen, he says, came pledges of increased authority for the Italian Government, promises of arms and equipment for the cobelligerent Italian fighting forces, assurances that the nation's economic burdens would be eased. But even in 1943 the fissures dividing the United States, Britain, and the Soviet Union were appearing. Unity among the Allies was only surface deep, and most commitments went unfulfilled. Italian democrats, meanwhile, were clamoring for replacement of Badoglio and his pro-Royalist associates with a broadly based anti-Fascist regime. Twin bedevilment made Bonomi's accession to power a welcome development.

Badoglio permits himself the luxury of indignation against opponents in all camps. But what could he have expected? Cordiality from a victorious foe which had suffered hundreds of thousands of casualties at Italian hands? Welcome acceptance from anti-Fascists who had been jailed,hounded, exiled, while Badoglio and his associates rode high under Mussolini?

The third section consists of statistically-bolstered documents on the functioning of the Italian military and civil administrations under Badoglio. The marshal amplifies what was done with what he believes could have been done had his suggestions been carried out. Needless to say, the actuality fell far below his presumptive level.

Muriel Currey's highly satisfactory translation helps make the work one which well might be read by students of Italian history and World War II.

—*Wide World.*

Il Duce saluted. Badoglio didn't. . . . "The marshal's 'memories' must be read with caution."

Prussian Prophet

FRANCIS LIEBER. By Frank Freidel. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. 1948. 445 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by ASHER BRYNES

WHEN Francis Lieber died about seventy-five years ago he was laid away in state. An Episcopal bishop intoned his funeral sermon and Columbia University established a chair in political science to perpetuate his name. For another quarter of a century his many disciples and admirers kept his name and his ideas alive: John W. Burgess, who followed him at Columbia, Andrew Dickson White at Cornell, Daniel Coit Gilman at Johns Hopkins, Theodore Dwight Woolsey at Yale. In William Graham Sumner his influence went underground, so to speak, and emerged in Sumner's pupil, Thorstein Veblen; and Veblen (in the way of Marx with Hegel) turned his lesson upside down.

We have long wanted a full-length study of this German scholar who founded "political science" in the United States. Mr. Freidel's book amply serves the purpose on the biographical side; no student will have to look elsewhere for the details of Lieber's career. Unfortunately, however, we will still have to read Lieber himself—and the man's immense discursiveness makes this no easy chore—in order to find out what continues to be valid in his thought. Lieber was more than an eclectic professor, himself an exotic on the American scene, importing and domesticating newfangled European notions. Mr. Freidel mentions two other academic studies of him that are now going forward. This fact has a certain symptomatic significance; a little liberal cross-wind is beginning to blow through the political science departments of our universities.

Francis Lieber was born in Prussia at the end of the eighteenth century, a Prussia impoverished by the glorious wars of Frederick the Great. As an imaginative boy he expected the hero to reappear; every generation of man has a right to some of the glory its fathers had. However, instead of a second Frederick, Napoleon came. When Napoleon came back during the Hundred Days, Lieber marched away too to fight in behalf of Prussia. He participated in the four assaults against Ligny; he was in the battles of Waterloo and Namur; he almost died of wounds, and nearly died again of typhus. Back in Berlin he enlisted in the militant *Turnverein* movement and rose to be one of the leaders of its radical wing. The Prussian reaction which followed made him a man with-

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out a country. He was allowed to complete his university studies under police surveillance, but there his career in Prussia practically ended.

Fitness for freedom was to be the chief concern of his life as a student of politics. In 1827, at his first public appearance in the United States (the occasion was a Fourth of July banquet in the Statehouse at Boston) the toast that he proposed was, "May all nations soon enjoy liberty who deserve it."

In this country Lieber slowly taught and wrote his way to fame, his beginning in the former field being the proprietorship of the first American swimming school and in the latter the editorship of the first popular encyclopedia, the "Encyclopedia Americana." He moved on to a professorship in history and political science at the University of South Carolina, which he held for twenty-three years; and then to his final professorship at Columbia, which he occupied until his death fourteen years later. Sumner and Seward were his friends in politics, Longfellow in literature, Prescott in history. He codified the rules of war for President Lincoln (another of his firsts, but this time of international significance) and succeeded brilliantly as the impartial arbitrator of Mexican-American claims arising from the war of 1845.

His ideas deserve serious re-examination. Certainly he must have been a curious Prussian who, after living among us, was able to say that "while the English incline occasionally too much to the historical element, we in turn incline occasionally too much toward abstraction . . . we conceive the rights of the citizen more in the abstract, and more as attributes of his humanity." The tendency that he warned against has come to fruition in our time by way of an increasingly looser interpretation of the Federal Constitution and, practically, by the centralization of our government. With Henry Wallace telling us that we have "political democracy" while the equally enlightened Russians have "economic democracy," the crisis he foresaw is now entering an acute stage.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Arnold: nightingale. 2. William Benét: falcon. 3. Blake: robin redbreast. 4. Browning: thrush. 5. Burns: lapwing. 6. Coleridge: albatross. 7. Dickinson: robin. 8. Holmes: gull. 9. Houghton: rooks. 10. Keats: owl. 11. Longfellow: sparrows. 12. Lowell: bobolink. 13. Milton: lark. 14. Shakespeare: daws. 15. Swinburne: swallow. 16. Tennyson: dove. 17. Thaxter: sandpiper. 18. Van Dyke: veery. 19. Whitman: mocking-bird. 20. Wordsworth: cuckoo.

Music. *An intensified interest in recorded music since the war is surely one indication that, musically speaking, the United States is coming of age. To satisfy the growing number of serious record fans, two standard encyclopedias have recently been revised and enlarged. "The Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia of Recorded Music" has appeared in a third edition; below we review the new and expanded edition of David Hall's "The Record Book." . . . American orchestras, too, have multiplied, and American composers have not been idle. In the hands of men like Virgil Thomson, Paul Henry Lang, and Alfred Frankenstein, moreover, the art of musical criticism has emerged from its undergraduate stage and has increased in depth and scope. Nothing more clearly revealed the new trend in criticism than Harvard's Symposium on Musical Criticism in the spring of 1947, subject of "Music and Criticism"* *(page 28).*

By Modern for Moderns

THE RECORD BOOK. New International Edition. By David Hall. New York: Oliver Durrell, Inc. 1948. 1,394 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by PHILIP L. MILLER

DAVID HALL'S 1940 "Record Book" was the first attempt at a really comprehensive critical survey of recorded music. The success of that first edition, and of subsequent editions and supplements was due, however, less to his priority than to the unusual breadth of his sympathies. The original "Record Book" was not particularly convenient to use. It was laid out for the most part in chapters devoted to various types of music—symphonic music, chamber music, keyboard music, etc.—and historical commentary alternated page by page with listings of records and critical estimates of the performances. The New International Edition follows an entirely different plan, and a far more practical one. The first section, labeled "General Information," covers the various problems of record collecting, and then devotes nearly 200 pages to a concise history of music, an appraisal of outstanding recording artists, full information on the producing companies and catalogues, and something about the mechanics of recording and reproduction. Part II—the main body of the book—is a straight alphabetical composer list (with each man's works, in turn, listed alphabetically except in the cases of the most prolific of them, where a classified system is used). This would be very much handier for reference had the publisher seen fit to top the pages with running headings.

In a work of such scope—foreign and domestic lists have been combed for important material—it is easy to find plenty of points of disagreement, but these are not vital. Mr. Hall's judgments are on the whole sane and orthodox, and there are few composers worthy of listing in whom he cannot find something to admire. His historical section is above all things readable, and it will certainly provide the novice with a sound background for his growing tastes and interests. He has carefully confined himself, in citing examples, to the recorded repertoire, which is sensible enough for his purpose, though it does not always guarantee the best possible illustration. I might take issue with his attitude on starkly authentic performances, as exemplified by some of "L'Anthologie Sonore," and his preference for the more palatable presentations of certain adapters. After all, is the idea to recreate the old music with the help of our best available scholarship, or to translate it into an idiom more acceptable to modern ears?

Large as the book is, with its listings of many records no longer available (we may always hope that such listings will create a demand for reissue) it still makes no claim to absolute exhaustiveness. It will not take the place of the "Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia." Those composers who interest the author least (Italian opera is not his favorite field) are sometimes scantily represented, and he has pretty well ignored the "historical" record, kept alive because of the interpretative art it represents. But this is a modern collectors' book—written by such a collector and for such collectors everywhere. It is certain that not a few horizons will be broadened by the author's infectious enthusiasm.

Philip L. Miller, of the Music Division of the New York Public Library, also reviews records for Consumers' Research.

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Continuing the Veinus Notes

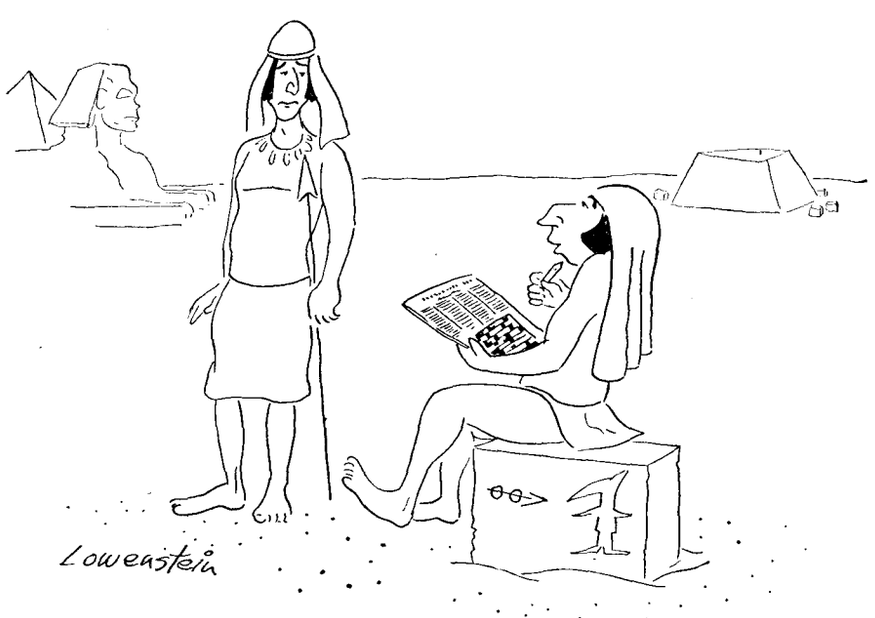
VICTOR BOOK OF CONCERTOS. By Abraham Veinus. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1948. 450 *pp.* $3.95.

Reviewed by EDWARD TATNALL CANBY

THE title of this work and the fact that it is based exclusively on the recorded concertos available from one manufacturer may prove misleading. Mr. Veinus was a pioneer in the move towards more informative, more adult "program notes" in record albums in place of the preposterous fantasies which appeared when album notes were first used. His work for RCA Victor was done mostly during the period when album notes came in the form of paper folders, rather than album liners as now; his contributions were memorable for their unaccustomed length and thoroughness and for the copious use of thematic illustrations in the musical notation.

The present volume is in effect a continuation of the Veinus annotations, for the special medium of the concerto, plus additional material in the form of brief biographies, a short discussion of the concerto forms, and the inevitable and useful glossary and "discography," the latter of course ill-balanced in that it is arbitrarily confined to those concertos available on RCA Victor records. Aside from this difficulty (which excludes numerous works that without question should have and would have been included on any other basis) the book is in no sense meant as a trade or publicity volume for Radio Corp. of America.

Granted, then, that this is a serious, scholarly, well-written account, and yet the Veinus treatment, in common with much fine writing about music in the literary tradition to which it belongs, is dangerously false to the more fundamental concepts of musical form as understood by musicians and composers. Granted too that musical analysis of just this sort has long been accepted as the standard for literary and cultural study of music, and that the writing itself has indeed been on a high plane. Nevertheless it is high time that the non-professional music listener should realize that the convention taken for granted in this school of writing—that the harmonic, tonal basis of musical form, the balance of key, the meaning of musical line are not fit subjects for the general reader—is a false and thoroughly misleading one. The characteristic method of primarily thematic analysis with virtually no mention at all of key relationship; the Darwinian emphasis on the evolution of one form into another, the insistence upon poetic and mood interpretations and upon style as a vital and perhaps fundamental element in analysis, all of this, however much respected, is from the composer's point of view an essentially amateur approach to the real problems in musical form. Moreover it is this writer's opinion that the avoidance of the supposedly "technical" side of music, far from simplifying music for the beginner, leads instead to eventual confusion and be-



"Who is an Egyptian queen, a famous beauty, and the mother-in-law of Tutankhamen?"

★

52

weeks

a year

the SRL

reports to

America

on the

Books

and

Recordings

worth

Knowing

About

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wilderment—for no analysis of a musical work that does not take the actual pitch relationships directly into consideration can be more than superficial and in the end basically false.

Thus, though Mr. Veinus goes into extraordinarily precise detail, relatively speaking, in his many analyses and though he involves his readers in erudite discussion, yet at no point in some 400 pages does he explain adequately the fundamental tonic-dominant relationships of classical sonata form; nor does he mention perhaps the most important fact of all concerning the double exposition section in the concertos of Mozart and Beethoven, that *whereas the first exposition, minus the solo instrument, remains statically throughout in the same tonality, the second, with soloist added, moves dynamically on to a new key.* There can be nothing more fundamental to the meaning of that type of form than this, "technical" or not! (Similarly, the recapitulation combines the *tonality* of the first exposition with the instrumental duality of the second exposition.) In the same way the basic rondo-sonata of so many concerto last movements is dangerously misinterpreted if its fundamental key structure is ignored, as Mr. Veinus seems to ignore it.

A revealing instance, again, of the confused perspective of the literary tradition of musical analysis comes when Mr. Veinus quotes Stravinsky—the arch-professional musician, and no mean writer himself—on the Stravinsky Capriccio (1929). "The beautiful slow opening," says Veinus, "has a fine eighteenth-century flavor, and the entire work is governed by the kind of mannered precision and polish which characterize not Mozart and Bach but their minor contemporaries." A typical stylistic description. But "Stravinsky of course," continues Veinus, "is an iconoclast, who will not keep his sources of inspiration straight to please any critic. Contrariwise, he asserts that his creative thought was dominated by that Prince of Music, Carl Maria von Weber.' Weber was an inveterate Romantic, as far removed from the eighteenth century in temperament as in time." But is it not clear that Veinus and Stravinsky are talking of utterly different aspects of music? Veinus, characteristically, assumes that Stravinsky is speaking of *outward style*—"Romantic." It is decidedly likely, however, that abstract style was the last thing Stravinsky had in mind; without much doubt he was concerned with more specific, more fundamental musical devices, of melody, of formal construction, of line, which are universal problems. For it is all too clear to the man who actually makes music that style, while obviously an ingredient of any good music, is the *result*, the end-product of other forces; and when one actually grapples with music itself, those other forces are so immeasurably more important than any surface consideration that, in truth, style becomes by elimination a relatively insignificant factor!

It is hardly fair to condemn Mr. Veinus's work unilaterally for an approach that has long been considered wholly acceptable and respectable for the cultured non-musician. Yet his volume will nevertheless, by its very thoroughness and honesty, serve to point up the divergence between the composers' and the literary approach to musical analysis.

8 Papers at Harvard

MUSIC AND CRITICISM. Edited by Richard F. French. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1948. 181 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN

THIS volume contains the eight papers read in 1947 at the Harvard Symposium on Musical Criticism. Four of the essays—those by Olga Samaroff, Paul Henry Lang, Roger Sessions, and Virgil Thomson —deal with the theory and practice of musical criticism as seen from the vantage-points of the newspaper critic, composer, performer, popular educator, and musicologist. Two others—by E. M. Forster and Edgar Wind—are concerned with criticism in general as it appears to a novelist and an art historian. The remaining two papers—one by Otto Kinkeldey on the significance of disc recording, and one by Huntington Cairns on musical patronage—are somewhat peripheral to the issues for which the conference was called; they are of interest in this context because they deal with musical questions, but they do not touch on questions of musical criticism.

Mme. Samaroff's topic is "The Performer as Critic." Her paper is largely concerned with her experience as music critic of the *New York Evening Post,* which was unique in that she, an established concert artist, became for a time a newspaper reviewer; naturally, therefore, her prime emphasis is upon the critic's responsibility toward the executant. But Mme. Samaroff is also much interested in musical popularization, and she discusses the very important role which journalism can play in that effort.

Mr. Thomson, whose paper is called "The Art of Judging Music," provides a brilliant and most penetrating analysis of the successive psychological steps whereby a musical judgment is arrived at. Mr. Sessions's article, "The Scope of Music Criticism," overlaps and underlines Mr. Thomson's to a certain degree. He, too, describes the processes of musical judgment, and in very similar terms; furthermore, he adduces excellent reasons why a music critic should be concerned, first and foremost, with the creative life of his own time.

Mr. Lang, on "The Equipment of the Musical Journalist," overlaps and underlines all three of the others, and lays about him beautifully in a magnificent attack on the fads and follies of the musical life in America.

Mr. Wind, in "The Critical Nature of a Work of Art," shows how a poem, a picture, or an opera can create an undying legend against which truth cannot prevail; and he proposes that the critic act as a kind of censor to keep the legends within reasonable bounds.

Mr. Forster, writing on "The Raison d'Etre of Criticism," decides that there really isn't any. He would like to establish a "spiritual parity" between criticism and the arts, but he is not able to do so. He fails to see that a work of art is, by definition, something for which there is no equivalent, spiritual or otherwise, and so his paper, delightful though it is as a literary exercise, is based upon faulty assumptions.

Mr. Cairns informs us that the era of great fortunes is over in America, and that the American composer cannot continue to look for patronage from such sources. He fails to tell us what American composer ever did benefit from wealthy patronage, and the comfort he holds out is chilly in the extreme. Essentially it is that a composer who does not make his living as such will never suffer from overwork. One wonders what Mozart or Bach would have said about that.

It is rather too bad that Mr. Cairns's appalling advice, "Never pursue composition as a trade," ends this generally stimulating and valuable book. One would rather it ended with some such exhortation as this of Mr. Lang's:

> The abuses of managers, the concert racket, the shoddy programs, are all properly the critic's concern; he should fight them, and fight them eloquently and with authority; for if the will of the people makes a journalist rather than a critic out of him he should do what all good journalists are doing: speak, and if necessary fight, for the good of the commonwealth, which in this instance is a sound musical culture, within the reach of all.

Alfred Frankenstein, art and music editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, *at present is doing research on a Guggenheim fellowship.*

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The Film Forum

Atom Bomb: Part II

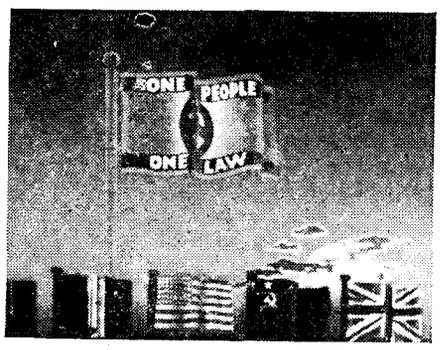
The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films dealing with Contemporary Issues

THE CHURCH IN THE ATOMIC AGE
Produced by R.K.O.-Pathe for the Film Forum Foundation.
(19 minutes. Sound.)

The Film Forum Foundation is a non-profit, non-sectarian organization whose aim is not only to bring world affairs into the churches, but a moral interpretation of them into the non-church field. This is the first in a series called "In the Eyes of the Church," and it was made with the cooperation of the Motion Picture Association of America, the U. S. Army, and the Atomic Energy Commission. It is an attempt to combine the best features of the March of Time with the Town Meeting of the Air; the film is accompanied by a speakers' manual which outlines the means to use the film as a springboard to a lively discussion.

Starting with the Bikini experiments, the film traces the events leading up to the use of the atomic bomb as a weapon of war: the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the U. S. Declaration of War, Oak Ridge, Los Alamos, and finally Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Included are captured Japanese films showing their work on atomic fission. The film raises such questions as: "Was it morally right to use the atomic bomb to save American lives?" "Was its use criminal because it meant the murder of defenseless men, women, and children?" "Was it really used to end not only this war, but all wars?" "Since atomic war is so destructive, can the Church distinguish between aggressive and defensive wars, or must it condemn all war?"

THE WAY OF PEACE
Produced by East-West Studios.
Distributed by Wartburg Press.
(19 minutes. Sound. Color.)



Paul Green (Pulitzer Prize playwright, 1928) has often said that peace is a subject almost incapable of positive dramatization; it becomes static, even dull or maudlin. War, on the other hand, by its very nature makes for effective theatre, albeit destructive and negative. The American Lutheran Church, sponsor of this film, has been criticized in certain quarters for having taken an un-Christian approach—fear. Our own opinion re-enforced by testing its merit with many different types of audiences, is that here is one of the best pleas for Christian brotherhood that has ever been offered to the world. True, it is essentially negative, and it basically appeals to fear (neither of which is the spirit of the Christian religion) but it has been produced with such good taste and loving care that it will rock the conscience of even the heathen or apostate. The clergy has been known to count dancing angels and to discount the evolution of science, but to recount the schisms in modern theology is not within the province of this department. Based on the text, **"For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved"** (John 3:17), Lew Ayres narrates the story of a man's saga through the ages. Presented by means of puppets and miniature sets a lavish production has been made possible; by sheer artistry budgetary problems have been annihilated. The story opens with the Creation and ends with the earth dissolving into the cosmos. It traces man's sin from the beginning when he shut himself off from God's Grace. It follows him as he builds walls higher and higher against his fellow man and God's Love. Now he has invented the means capable of total destruction. There is a scene of full-scale atomic warfare which is brilliant and unforgettable. This is a great picture and should not be overlooked.

WHERE WILL YOU HIDE?
Produced by the Audiographic Institute. Distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Inc.
(20 minutes. Color.)
Discussion leader's guide available.

"Where Will You Hide?" is a film which presents the argument of the United World Federalists. Dr. Albert Einstein, now leading the work of the Emergency Committee of Atomic Scientists in its campaign to prevent another war, announced after a prevue screening, "Somebody after seeing this film may tell you: 'this representation of our situation may be right, but the idea of world government is not realistic.' You may answer him: 'If the idea of world government is not realistic, then there is only *one* realistic view of our future—wholesale destruction of man by man'." The World Federalists have often presented their point of view via print and platform, but their greatest audience will be reached with this motion picture.

It is too easy to grow smug and complacent. The sort of fast half-thinking which allows us to believe that My Country is the greatest in the world, My State is the best, My City, My Town, and so on until only My Mother's cooking is the best there is, can only lead us to the unsavory conclusion that war will always be with us and human nature cannot be changed. These are words bandied about by a careless generation. The bomb is not our secret. It is Nature's secret. And Nature is not partial to Americans. The myth of security if a future war starts is fatal to our civilization. As this film shows, there is no defense; it can only mean a totalitarian America, a regimented population, and a militarized industry. There can be no victors in the next war—only the survivors and their dead.

Supplementary Films in This Category:

GOD OF THE ATOM available from the Moody Bible Institute. This film is shown only by an MBI representative, and a collection is made.
The National Committee on Atomic Information in cooperation with the Federation of Atomic Scientists has also produced three slidefilms which are available with or without recordings. They all are accompanied by speech notes and study guides; each contains sixty-two frames. Their titles are: HOW TO LIVE WITH THE ATOM, UP AND ATOM, and WORLD CONTROL OF ATOMIC ENERGY—available from Contemporary Films.

A. BERTRAND CHANNON.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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THE FINE ARTS

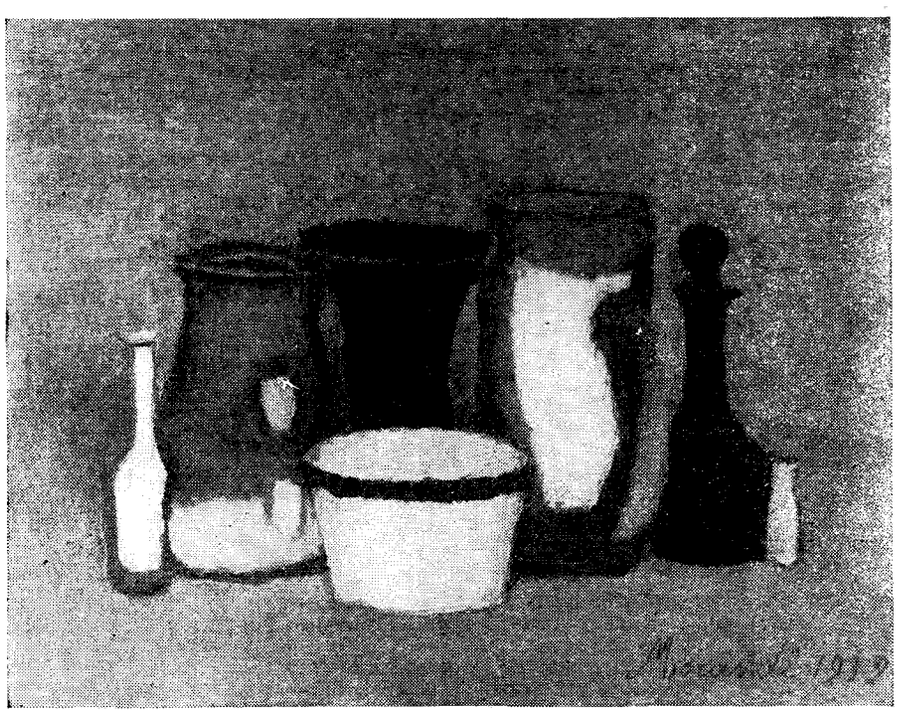
THE VENICE BIENNIAL

FOR more than fifty years, Italian taste in contemporary painting and sculpture has been regulated by the Biennial Art Exposition at Venice, open this summer for the twenty-fourth time. The biennial now current is more advanced in approach and more comprehensive than ever before. This is a suitable fact to report, for the first thing to be said as to modern art's prospects in postwar Italy is that the atmosphere is propitious, in fact is amazingly energetic and hopeful. Perhaps it is too early to decide whether in Italy a strong new generation of artists is emerging, but at least the young there are really young (many of the most promising are under thirty), and they work with the enthusiasm of those who believe that history is ahead of them instead of dogging their tracks.

The exposition opens with a section devoted to the *scuola metafisica,* the important movement whose direction was fixed by Giorgio de Chirico in Paris between 1911 and 1915, and whose brief formal activity took place in Italy from 1916 to roughly 1920, with Carlo Carrà and Giorgio Morandi joining De Chirico as its main proponents. The aims of the *scuola* were the opposite of those of the futurists (1909-16), who had so avidly embraced their era's industrial characteristics of speed, precision, and clangor. The painters of the *scuola* achieved an enigmatic and poetic art, based on philosophical meditation, in which still-life objects and mannequin figures were assembled in strange settings, amid an uncanny calm, with emphasis on that evocative incongruity of juxtaposition which led to surrealism in later hands. Since the futurists' accomplishment was also reviewed this spring in a special gallery at the huge Quadrennial Exposition at Rome, it was possible to reconsider in one season the two principal movements of earlier twentieth-century Italian art —futurism and the *scuola metafisica.* Both movements are revered by many younger Italian artists—they are indeed the cubism and surrealism of Italy—and both are perhaps more influential now than at any time during the past twenty years. But the contrast between them is fairly absolute, and passing from one to the other is like turning from Vachel Lindsay's "Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM" to Lewis Carroll's unforgettable, disquieting lines "Of shoes—and—ships—and—sealing-wax —Of cabbages and kings."

Giorgio Morandi, apart from his early works in the "metaphysical" section, is not represented at the Biennial, since as a member of the exposition's board of advisors, he felt he should not show more recent paintings, though he was emphatically urged to do so. This probity is typical of Morandi, and it explains in part why he is almost unanimously considered in Italy as that country's greatest living artist. I must confess that his countrymen's estimate of his importance had always seemed to me exaggerated. Living in solitude in Bologna, Morandi has produced for more than thirty years only still lifes and occasional landscapes. In reproductions of his work—through which I knew him chiefly—this iconographical narrowness seems a serious limitation, particularly since his still-life elements vary little, being nearly always wine bottles, gasoline containers, and traditional glassware. But as one sees whole rooms hung with Morandis in the leading Italian collections, one becomes aware that his art reflects the most subtle modifications of form and tone, that he has in fact devoted himself to a research whose formal purity and lyric impetus are comparable, in more representational terms, to those of the late Piet Mondrian. The best of Morandi's prints are as fine as his paintings, and unlike nearly all his contemporaries, he has steadily maintained his creative standards. Moreover, far from having a specialized meaning for a few Italian artists, he has influenced younger painters of very divergent tendencies — the abstractionists, the expressionists, the romantics, and the realists.

If Morandi is widely admired in Italy as the leading painter of the past twenty years, there is like agreement that the three best Italian sculptors of the same period have been the so-called "Three M's"—Arturo Martini (1889-1947), Marino Marini (b. 1901), and Giacomo Manzù (b. 1908). All three of these sculptors have special galleries at the Biennial, and their work contributes enormously to an impression that modern Italian art deserves to be far better known on an international scale. Martini was a sculptor of considerable vigor, who seems to have revived the plastic distortions and emotional flamboyance of native mannerism and also, at times, to have based his art on primitive styles. His most persistent theme was the human figure in postures of extreme muscular strain, but though I admired his daring, I was troubled in certain pieces by a stridency that ap-



—*Collection Pietro Rollino, Rome.*

Giorgio Morandi's "Still Life" . . . nearly always wine bottles, gasoline containers, glassware.

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peared to protect a lack of cohesive personality, like the positivism of the insecure.

Manzù, on the other hand, is a more modest yet for me more rewarding artist, tender, openly romantic, a brilliant draftsman whose fluency of sculptured line gives a haunting, pensive quality to the women and adolescents who are so often his subjects. A deeply religious man, Manzù is also one of the few living sculptors who have brought conviction, originality, and grace to sacred subjects, and it is a pity that the Catholic Church has not used his talents more fully. Then as to Marino Marini, we have in him, I think, an artist who deserves rank with the handful of men who have made our era one of the richest that sculpture has enjoyed in a long, long time. Marini has lately completed a number of large equestrian figures—courageous subject for an heir to the tradition of the Colleoni and Gattamelata monuments. But whereas Verrocchio and Donatello glorified the prowess of two great military leaders, Marini suggests the apprehension and bewilderment of plain modern man, under a world sky of war, alone and bare on an anguished horse. Yet it is not Marini's humanism alone that distinguishes his art, but equally his mastery of sculptural form.

AMONG the painters represented by large groups of pictures at the Biennial are Filippo de Pisis (b. 1896) and Massimo Campigli (b. 1895); both men are well known in Paris and New York, and in the best of their works clearly deserve their leading reputations at home and abroad. Since they have worked much in Paris, neither artist has taken a very direct part in the local Italian art scene, with its movements and counter-movements. The Biennial, however, also includes representative exhibits of the painting of Scipione (1904-33) and Mario Mafai (b. 1902), who occupy a special place in the evolution of recent Italian art. Toward 1930 the two men founded the "Roman School," which opposed the rather stentorian neoclassicism of the "Novecento"—so often a counterpart to Fascism's pompous formality—and urged an art of immediate emotional response. Scipione, who died tragically young, used an expressionist technique whose superficial affinity is with that of Soutine. But he was original in his imaginative gifts, and the distraught fantasy and emotional freshness of his Roman scenes and portraits rank him high among his contemporaries in Italy. And at the very moment when the painters of the "Novecento" were straining toward monumental allegory

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or planning "edifying" genre pictures, Mafai painted very beautiful studies of dried flowers or of ruined buildings in the Rome which Mussolini had decreed must be as firm and unyielding as in Caesar's day. It remains to be said, however, that even a fatuous direction in art can be dignified by men of real talent, and Felice Casorati (b. 1886) and Mario Sironi (b. 1891), though once closely identified with the "Novecento," are assuredly among the most interesting painters of contemporary Italy.

The large end galleries at the Biennial are devoted to the group of younger abstract artists who seem, for the moment anyway, to dominate their generation. Their art is sometimes described as the "new realism," a title which the layman will find confusing unless he accepts the fact that "real" is here used in the philosophical rather than the practical sense. The group includes Renato Guttuso, Renato Birolli, Antonio Corpora, Emilio Vedova, Guilio Turcato, Armando Pizzinato, Giuseppe Santomaso, and the sculptor Alberto Viani, among others. For some of these artists—especially Guttuso and Birolli—the example of the later Picasso is paramount; for others, like Pizzinato and Vedova, native futurism supplies a point of departure; still others, like Turcato and Corpora, follow the non-objective lead of Mondrian and Kandinsky. I thought that the most assured artists in the group were Guttuso, whose color is personal and extremely bold, and Santomaso, who contrarily reflects the tonal subtleties of his Venetian heritage.

There is behind the "new realism" in Italy a certain pressure of program which is its weakness as well as its strength, so that by comparison another younger artist, Bruno Cassinari, reworking in isolation the estimable vein of Modigliani, seems more genuinely personal in statement, perhaps a more compulsive painter. Yet there can be no doubt that modern Italian art needs to outgrow the isolationism from which it suffered during the period between the two World Wars. As suggested at the beginning of this article, the younger Italians are not depressed by the earlier plastic achievements of our century, as are so many of the youthful French. Given their forthright spirit and confidence, it can do the Italians no harm to learn more about what has happened elsewhere in the art of our time. This year's Biennial is a step in the right direction. It includes the first important exhibition in Italy of the French impressionists —fantastic as this may seem. It includes as well selections of the art of Braque, Chagall, Klee, Kokoschka, Moore, Picasso, Rauault, and other leaders of the modern movements.

JAMES THRALL SOBY.

SCREEN

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Key to a Rich Experience

AN APPROACH TO MODERN PAINTING. By Morris Davidson. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1948. 155 pp. $5.

Reviewed by STUART PRESTON

LOOKING back from the conclusion of this book, its author, a well-known painter, teacher, and writer about art, defines its purpose as having been to help "the bewildered layman" find "the rich experience awaiting him in creative art," which is itself further defined as "an expression of an attitude to life." At once we sense the distressing addiction to high-sounding generalization which our author all too often leans on when reasoned, informed, intelligible argument fails. Turning to the introduction we read that the author intends to justify "the kind of modern art that satisfies spiritual . . . needs" by relating it to the art of the past. A sound enough point. In this campaign Mr. Davidson's principal target is that popular character, the ordinarily educated man who distrusts modern art and at the same time thinks there "must be something to the stuff" when, half enviously, half angrily, he sees his neighbor cashing in dividends of pure esthetic enjoyment which he is unable to touch. Mr. Davidson hastens his target's capitulation by directing the search for the key to modern art. One hundred and forty-three pages are devoted to "some simple esthetics" and to a startling, personal historical survey which takes large liberties with thirty centuries of art history.

First, a definition of art, "the concrete expression of states of feeling that may be communicated to those who are prepared to receive it and that has as its ultimate aim the elevation of the spirit." Scoffers and doubters are eliminated. Next, esthetics. After the apparent promise of a royal road, the going suddenly becomes rough. Better writers than Mr. Davidson have come to grief discussing conceptualism, tension, space interval, etc. But don't be discouraged; the author concludes reassuringly. "It is not the classification that ensures the quality of art. It is the quality of the artist's mind and spirit."

Maybe history will provide an easier key. The torch is first flashed on Paleolithic wall paintings which "curiously resemble . . . Cubism." We skip the whole Middle Ages to land in the period between the Italian Renaissance and Impressionism. Following our guide through the great gallery of art history we pick up many statements which are, to put it kindly, simply unsupported. It is news that Cimabut was definitely trained by the Byzantines; that after Giorgione "the Venetians go completely romantic," and that El Greco did "mediocre church paintings in Rome." You learn that Sassetta "expressed space spirally," whatever that may mean, and that Piero della Francesca was the last painter to retain "metaphysical sensibility," whatever that may be. If you care about history you will find that the French Directory is referred to here as the Commune, and that "upper class Victorian society invented Pre-Raphaelitism." Do you like your idol's clay feet? If so, "there is more organization in a Persian miniature than in square yards of (Ruben's) art"; Van Gogh's "natural endowments were slight"; Cezanne was "not endowed with great talent or intellect." Does spelling bother you? How about Blakian and Appolinaire? And accuracy? On page 63 Manet is the "father and founder of Impressionism," on page 79 Pissarro is the "inventor of Impressionism." And neologisms? How about "Cézannism?" Like all painters, Davidson is at his best when analyzing actual works of art; about them he has interesting, felicitous things to say; his judgment is of value. But a book of this capsular information sort is better left to the historian. Or else the bewildered layman will dig a Philistine trench and forget the whole thing.

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(Continued from page 13)

exhausts his soil and fails to use soil-stabilization methods.

An ornithologist turned ecologist, and a conservation technician who has looked with a sad and penetrating eye at soil and water waste on five continents, Mr. Vogt is nature's angry man, and a powerful writer. His "Road to Survival,"* half of a dual choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club this August, seems to me, on the whole, the most eloquent, provocative, and informative book that has been written thus far in the United States on conservation—or the lack of it. The story it tells is, as previously indicated, an old one, often repeated in the time of man. The prophets of the Holy Land knew a great deal about soil and water trouble—or, at least, they felt it in their bones. Vogt, the preacher of applied natural science, brings it up to date:

> [Job:] The waters wear the stones. Thou washest away the things that grow out of the dust of the earth and thou destroyest the hope of man. . . . If my land cry against me, or that the furrows thereof likewise complain, let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley. The words of Job are ended.
>
> [Vogt:] To think of "soil erosion" simply as "soil erosion" is dangerously elementalistic. Not only is soil washing into the seas but, as Jay Darling points out, bread and pork chops and potatoes. The Gulf of Mexico, off the mouth of the Mississippi, is stained with the substance from which our children build bone and muscle and blood. Those tawny waves are drowning the future of America. . . . It is at least as important that American children understand what the uncontrolled raindrop has done to their country as what happened at Bull Run or in a seven-gabled house in Salem.
>
> [Isaiah:] They shall turn the rivers far away; the brooks of defense shall be emptied and dried up; . . . and everything sown by the brooks shall wither.
>
> [Vogt:] The most damaging impact of civilized man on his environment is the shattering of the hydrologic cycle. . . . The first step is destruction of plant cover; . . . the next, the washing or blowing of the complex topsoil (and) a change in soil structure. . . . Control becomes more difficult as erosion becomes more pronounced. Row crops, such as soybeans, cotton, corn—including hybrid corn!—and tobacco will lose one hundred or more times as much soil as will woodlands and undisturbed prairies. . . . Because corn

—From "Road to Survival."

increases soil erosion at least a hundred times, I believe it has probably contributed more to the world's misery than that other great gift of the Americas, syphilis. Corn has now ringed the earth, and wherever it has gone it has torn down the land even as it has built human hunger by building populations. . . . Syphilis is visited upon the children unto the third or fourth generation; corn erosion, unto the tenth —and even to all time.

In the endless war of man against nature, the Old Testament prophets, or certain of them in certain moods, could foresee, or hope for, victory. We read in Deuteronomy the promise of

> a good land, a land of brooks and water, of fountains and depths that spring out of the valleys and hills, a land of wheat and barley, of vines and fig trees and pomegranates: Here thou shalt eat bread without scarceness; thou shalt not lack anything.

Again, in the Book of Ezekiel: "The desolate land shall be tilled and . . . become like the Garden of Eden."

Today, Dr. Osborn and Mr. Vogt see little—I think too little—chance for so happy an ending to the human struggle for a secure place on earth. Both are Malthusians; both are sharply aware of an increasing overload of people on this groaning planet; and neither of them is a farmer or agriculturist, with a farmer's sometimes all but fanatic faith or hope that life in abundance may be born again from a plundered and wounded soil.

The scientists and the vital statisticians may, of course, be right. The implacable rate of acceleration at which a soil, once it starts running down, keeps doing so faster and faster;

*ROAD TO SURVIVAL. By William Vogt. New York: William Sloane Associates. 1948. 335 pp. $4.

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"... one is tempted to reach for superlatives ..."—*John A. Krout, The Saturday Review of Literature*

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running down not only in itself, but in the quality of its products, including the human product—all this is truly terrifying. If, at the same time, population rates continue to accelerate upward, as in Puerto Rico, the result soon becomes more horrible than the most direful statistics can intimate. The soil runs down, the buildings crumble, the people run down in health and hope and vigor, right there before your eyes. And the problem of Puerto Rico, as Rex Tugwell, lately governor of that stricken island possession, has acidly indicated, "has obvious implications for our Cotton South." He might with reason have included even our richest Corn Belt within the range of his foreboding. The birth rate in the Corn Belt is not, to be sure, nearly so lavishly productive of a human surplus burden on its soil as is the rate of increase on the worn soil of the Cotton South; but mechanization and industrialization are even more advanced in our Midland than in our South; and mechanized or industrialized farming carelessly conducted beats more and more soil dead, or half-dead; and faster, ever faster—again at that modern tempo, that accelerated rate of soil depletion and increase of the human burden.

There are, however, hopeful signs astir in this land of the restless free; and these signs have been multiplying in the past ten years or so. In 1940, Robert Flaherty, previously the maker of such great groundline movies as "Nanook of the North," "Moana," and "Man of Aran," was commissioned by the United States Department of Agriculture to do his first full-length American documentary, "The Land." It took him two years. The simple story-line of land and people going down, then land and people recovering, became tangled, inevitably, with migrants, mechanization, factory farming, "defense," and another war. But Flaherty ended his picture on a clear note of faith and vigor. This is from the sound-track of his finale, the Machine sequence:

. . . These machines,
These miraculous machines!
Do we shape them
Or do they shape us?
Or reshape us from our decent, far designs?

But we are learning.
We are learning to build for the future
From the ground up.

[*House, Man and Wife*]
Under all is the soil.
Those closest to the soil
Must be the ones to guard and save it.

[*Machines Making Contoured Fields*]
The plow can be a curse
Or it can be a blessing.
Machines have torn soil down.
They can build soil up again.
They can build up Man again—
If we master them
And use them right.

[*Machines: Giants in the Wheat*]
The strength of a man is not great.
He has not, in his arms and back,
The colossal strength
Of a great machine.

[*Man and Wife Again*]
But a man can think.
He can govern.
He can plan.

[*The Machines March On*]
"The great fact is the land"—
The land itself.
And the people
And the spirit of the people.

We white Americans incline to do things suddenly. Only the other day, in historic terms of time, this land of ours was an Indian paradise, clad in a robe of plants that had shielded it from the weather and kept it fertile for millions of years on end. Suddenly this great body of land was thrown open to land-hungry men and women from Europe. We settled—or unsettled—it in no time at all. With gun and axe and plow we took possession, slashed down trees, tore topsoil open and beat upon it hungrily, pioneer wave by wave. The advent of steam power speeded up this business somewhat; but that was as nothing compared to the acceleration of the earthy transformation which came with the development of the internal combustion motor plus tractors with rubber tires.

The days of our pioneering had not ended. But our first too simple and brutal concept of pioneering had to change. It is changing. One somewhat grandiose symptom of the change is a spectacular new form of rural-urban outing which burst suddenly into being in Illinois last summer—a Conservation Field Outing or Farm Transformation Day.

The idea goes back as to roots, doubtless, to the oldtime barn-raising, with the neighbors all pitching in to help; but this event is mechanized, and the trick is to make the whole farm over, fields, water-courses, barns, and woodlots, according to the best conservation engineering practices, all between sunup and sundown.

"*MACHINES have torn soil down. They can build soil up again. They can build up Man again, if we master them, and use them right.*" Before snow fell last year Wisconsin and Iowa had rolled out the tractors and made over a farm apiece; and Ohio, staging a Second Frontier Day, just off the old National Pike, not far from Zanesville, made over *two* farms in a day, with 90,000 people there to see it. This year, Ohio's Second Frontier Day will be two days, September 23 and 24, on the farm of Rio Grande, a small Baptist college near Gallipolis; and they promise to roll out more than one hundred tractors, plus more than

The Kimono

By Don Gordon

CELEBRATE the death of the city: celebrate the woman in the newsreel,
the print of her kimono burned in her back, her time
without season among the bamboo leaves, the folded fans.

Exhibit A, formerly a person, was born as the white plant bloomed;
she is the night dream of the spectator, incised on the lidless eye;
woman without face or name that is known lives in my house.

Weigh her, measure her, peer for children
in her clouded history; check with Geiger counters
the click of the doomed leaves and fans.

Lost in events the beauty and the grace of women;
ended the age of natural love as the bomb bay opened
on the burned shoulders: she is now the memorable one.

From the nightmare to the eye
from the eye to the house
from the house to the heart
enter the dimension of love;

woman of Hiroshima
be merciful to the merciless!

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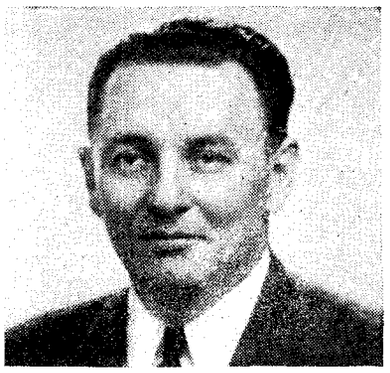


My Current Reading

Leon Henderson, economist who served for eight years in various government posts, resigned as administrator of the Office of Price Administration in 1942. He is at present chief economist of the Research Institute of America, and national chairman of the Americans for Democratic Action.

ALTERNATIVE TO SERFDOM, *by John Maurice Clark (Knopf)*

A NATIONAL POLICY FOR THE OIL INDUSTRY, *by Eugene Rostow (Yale)*

THE RISE AND FALL OF THIRD PARTIES, *by William Hesseltine (Public Affairs Press)*

CONTINENTAL JOURNEY, *by Leo A. Lerner (Citadel Press)*

JIM FARLEY'S STORY: THE ROOSEVELT YEARS, *by James A. Farley (Whittlesey House)*

WILSON: THE ROAD TO THE WHITE HOUSE, *by Arthur S. Link (Princeton)*

THE BOOK OF RUTH, *(Heritage Press)*

ALL MANNER OF MEN, *by Malcolm Ross (Reynal & Hitchcock)*

THE KEYNESIAN REVOLUTION, *by Lawrence R. Klean (Macmillan)*

PRICE BEHAVIOR AND BUSINESS POLICY, *by Saul Nelson and Walter G. Keim (Temporary National Economic Committee Monograph No. 1)*

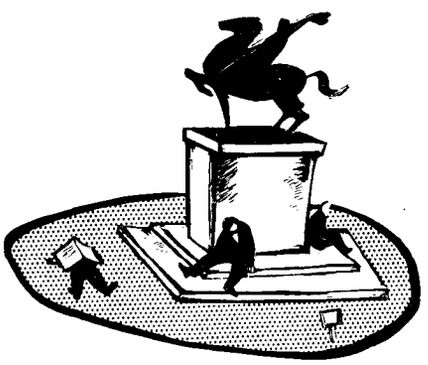
a million dollars' worth of bulldozers and other earth-moving equipment, and plant a woods where there is no woods now, and build a brand-new machine shed from the ground to the roof, and make three ponds. Even tranquil Maryland, my home state, catching the fever, is going to make over a farm in Frederick County on August 18, and build a barn and paint the house of the deserving widow who owns it, to boot.

NOW, of course, these farms are not really made over in a day or so. It takes much longer to rebuild fertile soil. But, as Chester Davis, speaking for Friends of the Land at the initial such event in Illinois, told the crowd there:

> What we are seeing here at Lebanon today is fundamentally important. It is more than a show, though it is a good show. There is a whole lot more to soil conservation than engineering and dirt-moving, and I know that the deeper meanings are just under the surface here today.

The pioneer spirit which just about wrecked us from the groundline up has turned with a whirl to the work of groundline reconstruction now; and, while we have still a long way to go, we already have achieved scattered examples of an all but miraculous recovery. Our country, which led the world in the rate of soil and water wreckage has definitely turned now to lead the world the other way. And the time has come, I think, when we should seek some word more active and hopeful than "conservation" when we speak of regenerating soil, water sources, forests, livestock, wildlife, people, and all the renewing sources of life. If all the fifty million acres of eroded American soil which our initial Soil Conservation Service reconaissance surveys of the early nineteen-thirties reported as "destroyed" had been actually destroyed, that would have meant eighty thousand square miles of land—an area almost equal to all of England plus all of Scotland—permanently out of production. This has not proven so. By developing processes of soil repair, soil building, and a restitution of the essential elements, we are raising fairly good crops on some of this "destroyed" soil now, and we are learning to do a better job of soil reconstruction year by year.

If in the years to come more young research students and technicians can be led to regard the eternal interaction of soil, rain, sun, and air with the same constructive imagination which is now accorded that later and minor marvel, the workings of the internal combustion engine, I would not be surprised if the human race would learn to build productive soil even on bedrock, and build it rather fast.



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by IRWIN STARK

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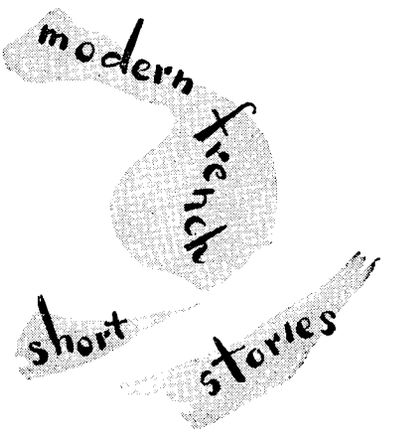

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 21*)

taken up by a wealthy and neurotic white woman, the young proprietor of an art store, who seduces him by the simple method of offering him money and the clean space and light of her studio for his work. He has to find his true self and carve out his destiny in the midst of intolerable confusion. He must endure the fear and anger of his own race, represented by his toil-worn mother, a drunken brother, and the grasping hands of the woman who rents a room to him and shares his bed. When he marries the white girl his true ordeal begins, for then he faces the full blast of white contempt and subtle or overt hatred.

Miscegenation is a well-worn subject for the novel, perhaps the most tragic and also one of the most difficult of all themes related to racial tolerance, since the steps toward the usually fatal end can be so many stumbling blocks to realism. The plot may seem to be contrived and the characters only symbols of man's inhumanity, with the denouement as relentlessly fatal as a Greek tragedy, without the dignity of the Hellenic conception of man's fate. Mr. Alman avoids both the cliches and the ultimate catastrophe by creating his suffering hero as an artist who has therefore reserves of vitality to draw upon beyond human friendship or love. He has also created for Lock Sharon a negative philosophy out of the truism that all men and women are born for death and all the stages of human experience belong to the processes of dissolution.

With these assets it is not hard to believe that Lock could finally take command of himself. In the end he finds another white woman, his wife's sister, to love. She is an artist, as he is, in her own right, and the reader is asked to assume that both will find fulfillment and achievement. But the reader has the right to question a happy conclusion to what has up to the last moment seemed to be the story of a man trapped into the noose of inevitable disaster. Since his doubt has to extend beyond the novel's last chapter, it should not involve an attack on the validity of Mr. Alman's work. He expresses the belief that the color line in a country of dominant whites can extend in every other direction, but that it need not embrace love and marriage between a black man and a white woman.

His foreword is significant. He writes, "I am a white man married to a white woman. I would have married this woman if she was the color of night." It is true that in the blackness of night which belongs to sleep and dreams there is no color, but in the daylight it is there for all men to see. But the pity for all humanity of which Mr. Alman writes is a product of awakening from sleep, as are the achievements of man, his struggle against his fate, whether he is black or white, and unhappily his suffering and remorse when he runs headlong into an established code of the society in which he lives.

In Spanish Purdah

BREAD FOR THE LIVING. By Mary Lasswell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 262 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

WHEN Raquel O'Riordan, daughter of a Spanish mother and an Irish father, looked into the eyes of Don Fausto Hidalgo, she said to herself: "Here is a man who will make me suffer, but he will make me live . . ." Don Fausto, ill-starred, selfish, disillusioned; as Spanish, for all his American birth, as Torquemado, did make her suffer, but it was Raquel who finally made herself live. Miss Lasswell's book, "Bread for the Living," is the story of a woman who, after fifteen years of emotional, physical, and intellectual subjection at last fought free of the bonds which she had been so eager and so unafraid to put on. Everybody warned Raquel about Don Fausto, the ruthless and cynical: his aunt, who despised and distrusted him; Raquel's father, whose wealth and power, even if Raquel had not been fascinating and beautiful, would have assured her a better match; even her faithful old nurse; but marry him she would, and did.

Miss Lasswell's book is a curious mixture of good writing and stilted melodramatics. Sometimes the style is so stiffly formal as to sound like a translation by someone who doesn't know any colloquialisms. The setting is the American side of the Mexican border, and the story moves rapidly and jerkily over the years between 1900 and 1915, during which time Raquel lives in virtual Purdah, never allowed to leave the great house which Don Fausto has built with her

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER MAKES ME NERVOUS *Margaret Scherf* (Crime Club: $2.)	Art dealer murdered in 57th St. gallery. Girl mag. editor and numerous involved friends are of little help to Police Lieut. Ryan.	High-spirited, amusing, and authentically portrayed group of Manhattan apt.-dwellers carry plot over some rough spots to quite unexpected pay-off.	Exhilarating
MIGNONETTE *Joseph Shearing* (Harper: $2.50)	Rich, lonely, genteel, and abysmally stupid English girl invites illegitimate half-sister to visit her with self-explanatory, tragic results.	Put yourself into Victorian mood and delightfully written story will be doubly effective. Climax reaches real peaks, earlier events sufficiently suspenseful.	Very good—of its kind
MAP OF MISTRUST *Allan MacKinnon* (Crime Club: $2.)	Scottish mountain-murder of sinister hiker interests British Home Office, which deputes medieval scholar (ex-Intelligence officer) to scotch sundry intriguers.	Another fictional chapter in postwar Nazi deviltry—attractively scened, competently characterized, often exciting—but pallid beside author's "House of Darkness."	Adequate thriller
TRY ANYTHING TWICE *Peter Cheyney* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Nicholas Gale, London private detective, hired to solve blackmail-libel case involving lovely lady, meets murder and some reptilian characters.	Gale and his assts. perform in typically uninhibited Cheyney fashion, gals in yarn are lush and sultry, and plot is super-sinuous.	Average English tuffun
THE MOUSE WITH RED EYES *Elizabeth Eastman* (Farrar, Straus: $2.50)	Incident following N. Y. apt.-house super's wife's violent death sticks in high-strung girl's mind and saves her from similar fate.	That reader is in know from start doesn't lessen suspense of feverishly paced psychological thriller—though heroine sometimes seems frightfully stupid.	Good job

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dowry, undergoing successive pregnancies, bearing two surviving daughters and losing a half dozen other children mainly because Don Fausto would not permit her to have any medical attention other than an ignorant midwife, wasting her talent as a singer (for she had an exquisite and well-trained voice), seeing her girls growing up uneducated except for the conventional convent training which Don Fausto thought suitable, and coming more and more to the realization that Don Fausto's need for her was simply a desperate reaching out for temporary solace. That she loved him deeply and irrevocably made no real difference in their relationship; she could not break through the wall of his bitterness to help him, he was truly Faustus, the doomed. She had, however, in her rebellion, found herself and made her peace with destiny; whatever choice she made was the choice of a free agent, unconfused and clear-eyed at last.

The picture Miss Lasswell gives of the lot of a woman in complete subjection to Old World tradition is a harrowing one, and the atmosphere and domestic routine of such a household as Don Fausto's, almost a feudal regime, is realistically portrayed. But the book as a whole is disappointing. Its style is stilted and labored, and for me the characters never really come to life. It picks up a bit at the end, when Don Fausto meets his death at the hands of a double-crossing Mexican revolutionist, but he remains a stock figure of a villian. And for all the inherent poignance and drama of Raquel's struggle, I found her a less memorable and moving character than Miss Lasswell's earnest and sincere efforts intended her to be.

Bogartia

THE BRAMBLE BUSH. By David Duncan. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 215 *pp.* $2.75.

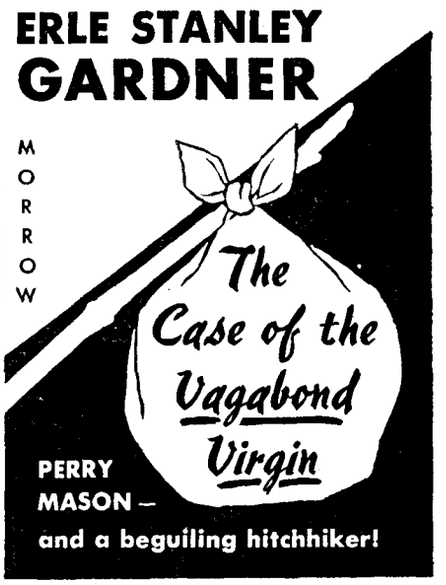
Reviewed by EDWIN SEAVER

WHETHER or not coming events cast their shadows before them, there is no doubt that coming movies cast their shadows on many an American novelist. David Duncan's "The Bramble Bush" seems made to order for a Humphrey Bogart thriller.

As the picture opens, our hero, Mike Finney, sick of Mexico and of Calisto —Calypso's isle?—is resolved to return to his native United States by fair means or foul. Apparently he has sinned on the side of the angels, used faked passports and the like, in his zeal to aid revolutionary movements abroad; a jail sentence faces him if and when he crosses the Rio Grande coming north. But any risk seems worth while to him if only he can be alone in the snows of Montana. (Perhaps Mike, like many Nortamericanos, has sickened of climate and wants a little weather for a change.)

Imagine Mike's surprise when, arriving in San Francisco, he finds himself arrested on an old murder charge against the black sheep of a wealthy old family he had met in Mexico. The ease with which the trap is sprung is as hard for the reader to believe as it is for our hero, but there's the black sheep's mother and sister playing Mike for the fall guy in their frenzied effort to make somebody else pay for the crime of their son and brother. How Mike Finney escapes all the snares, by brain and by brawn, and ends up in Mexico again to pay off this abominable set-up against him furnishes the meat of the plot. Not, of course, before there is a hint of a love affair between our hero and the sister who tries to poison him.

What is there to say, finally, about a novel like this? There is a certain amount of skill displayed, unquestionably, in the telling of the story, although the long arm of coincidence and the long leg of chance are twisted unconscionably whenever it is to the author's advantage. The style is crisp, direct, hard-boiled, and all the other adjectives, as definitely trade-marked as Mr. Bogart's famous sniff or twitch of the lips. In short, there is absolutely nothing the matter with an entertainment like "The Bramble Bush" except that the whole thing is utterly meaningless.



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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
COPLAND, RODEO: FOUR DANCE EPISODES; BILLY THE KID: WALTZ. Dallas Symphony, Antal Dorati. RCA Victor DM 1214 (3)	Big Victor-style liveness, a fine sound but not ideal for this music. Tonal range good, but highs weakened in resonant pick-up.	A	Slightly to left of "El Salon Mexico." Raucous, well built, good humored, sentimental; it'll strike home for the youngsters (below) and the young in heart.
DE FALLA, THE THREE-CORNERED HAT: THREE DANCES. Philharmonia Orch. Alceo Galliera. Columbia MX 297 (2)	A solid British sound; wide range but highs are mellow. Good cross betw. London Decca over-liveness and too-dead sharpness of some U.S. Columbias.	A	A well-mannered, thoroughly competent reading of the familiar dances by a new Italian-born conducting luminary.
CARNIVAL TROPICANA. André Kostelanetz and his Orch. Columbia MM 753 (4)	Superb recording, an excellent semi-pops "demonstration" set for fancy equipment.	A	Some of it slightly more amusing than usual treacle, thanks pseudo-tropic orchestration!
KABALEVSKY, THE COMEDIANS. New York Philharmonic, Kurtz. Columbia M 295 (2)	Same series as the famous "Gayne" jobs. Brilliant, wide-range recording of brilliant orchestration. Tops!	A to B+	100% derivative music, echoes of Offenbach, Prokofieff, Tchaikovsky. But less pretentious, more melodic than Khatchuturian.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S "RODEO"

IF there is any doubt of the appeal, to the younger generation at least, of the raucously American twentieth-century idiom, Copland's "Rodeo" suite (above) is doing its bit to dispel it. For the young people in our school and high-school orchestras this kind of music is tops—with its cowboy tunes, potent brass and percussion, its syncopation, its high good humor, and characteristic mixture of sentiment and sarcasm.

I heard a concert by such a youthful orchestra at which "Rodeo" was to be the grand finale. But first came what would normally be called more conventional fare. For us, perhaps. But not for these musicians. A movement of a Brahms symphony emerged apologetically, forlorn as a wet dog in the bathtub. The notes were not too difficult; it was the idiom that baffled. To these young people Brahms was Neolithic. His melodies sagged monstrously, the great climaxes were inept squawks, the soulful tunes sadly out of tune. But what followed was more extraordinary, one of those naive and wholly conventional early nineteenth-century concertos, for cello, full of the most obvious platitudes of the Romantic speech, the orchestra's function no more than a few *tutti* plus background harmonies for the soloist's doings. A snap to play. Yet it was appalling how completely the spirit and mood of this elementary piece evaded these players! More than that, the very harmonies—plain, old-fashioned chords of the most routine nineteenth-century sort—were twisted and tortured and misapprehended. Plainly, here was a kind of musical speech not only incomprehensible as emotional expression to these youngsters—that we might expect—but unintelligible as to its very grammar, a kind of speech one might expect to be as familiar as night and day to any music student. For these students, the nineteenth-century idiom, which we suppose so universal, was all but dead.

And then came "Rodeo." And with all its high complexity of rhythm and sound effects, the kids ate it up! Here was the unmistakable gusto of music relished and understood. And here was good playing, too, surprisingly accurate and very much alive. Instead of a bunch of miserable children parroting a lesson, this was a team of Americans doing their stuff and loving it. For better or worse.

True enough, the Romantic idiom was never more popular with us elders, as witness any musical best-seller list today. But note well that it is already the late-Romantic, the post-Romantic we like best; Tchaikovsky, Strauss, Rachmaninoff, even Debussy and Ravel hit the stylistic dead center. How much of the earlier, the Schumann and the Schubert in them, do we crave—and how much the Stravinsky, the Bernstein, the Copland?

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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NEW EDITIONS

ISAIAH BERLIN'S "Karl Marx" (Home University Library, Oxford University Press, $2) is the best brief account of the life and thought of Marx that I know. Writing with cool objectivity, the author traces the development of the Marxist doctrine against a biographical background which is recreated with economical, effective strokes. Marx's debt to Hegel, Feuerbach, Saint-Simon, Thierry, Mignet, and others is duly noted, with emphasis on the fact that whatever he borrowed he made his own in a synthesis that was profoundly original and enduringly revolutionary. His conflicts with Bakunin, Prudhon, and Weitling, his uneasy connection with Lasalle, and his relation to the whole socialistic movement of his age (a relation based largely on his contempt for idealism and humanitarianism, and such phrases as "natural rights" and "equality of man") are lucidly explained. His association with Engels; his working methods and way of life in Berlin, Paris, and London; his personal character, which included a deep dislike of his racial origin; and the nature and degree of his influence in various countries during his lifetime, are all set forth with brevity and point.

History has failed to confirm Marx's conviction that he had discovered the laws which govern social history; Marxist theorists have suffered surprising shocks, and their theory has cried out for revision. But Mr. Berlin speaks truly when he declares of this theory: "Even if all its specific conclusions were proved false, its importance in creating a wholly new attitude to social and historical questions, and so opening new avenues of human knowledge, would be unimpaired." Marx may have mistaken the course of history, and his faith that the proletarian struggle would prove a final one, which would abolish the state and create a classless society, was surely a prime example of the kind of Utopian thinking which he despised in others; but he invented an analytical instrument which will long prove serviceable, and he made it impossible for us to view our world in quite the same way that we did before he came into it.

Another creative thinker who invented an analytical instrument, and who profoundly altered Western man's view of himself, was Sigmund Freud. Back in 1932 Joseph Jastrow published an examination of "The House that Freud Built," which was calculated to raise the blood pressure of all true followers of the Viennese sage, and this examination has now been reissued as "Freud, His Dreams and Sex Theories" (World Publishing Co., $1). Jastrow wrote with intelligence, vigor, considerable wit, and frank hostility towards most of the structure that Freud, his disciples, and his heretics, had erected on the psychoanalytic foundations. His foreword announced that in the vast body of Freudian literature there was much dross and little precious ore; he went on to question Freud's methods of dream-interpretation, his emphasis on sex, his technique of analysis, and his therapy; he denounced psychoanalytic cultism and the founder's lack of logic; but he ended by pointing to the valuable core of Freudian theory, and by hoping that the future would bring forth "a safe and sane Freudianism," committed to the hands of "responsible psychiatrists and psychologists."

Stephen Hobhouse's "Selected Mystical Writings of William Law" (Harper, $4.50), reprinted, with the addition of two appendices, from the 1938 edition, belongs on a shelf beside Law's "Serious Call," recently noticed in this department. The selections represent a later Law than the author of the "Call," a Law who was profoundly influenced by the Silesian mystic, Jacob Boehme; and they are here elucidated and coordinated by notes and studies by Mr. Hobhouse. Aldous Huxley provides a foreword.

Two colorfully manufactured books that are sure to prove welcome additions to any juvenile library are Dickens's " A Tale of Two Cities," illustrated by Rafaello Busoni (Grosset, $3), and Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn," illustrated by Donald McKay (Grosset, $1.25) . . . Percival Christopher Wren's "Stories of the Foreign Legion," which range from farce to tragedy, and mingle legionary bravado, sentimentality, and cynicism, have been reissued by Macrae-Smith ($2.75). . . . "The Lying Ladies," by Robert Finnegan (Bantam 25¢), is an example of the tough and bawdy school of mystery writing, and is also the kind that doesn't pretend to make sense. Sales indicate the formula must satisfy a great American need . . . New Grosset novels: Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina," A. J. Cronin's "Hatter's Castle."

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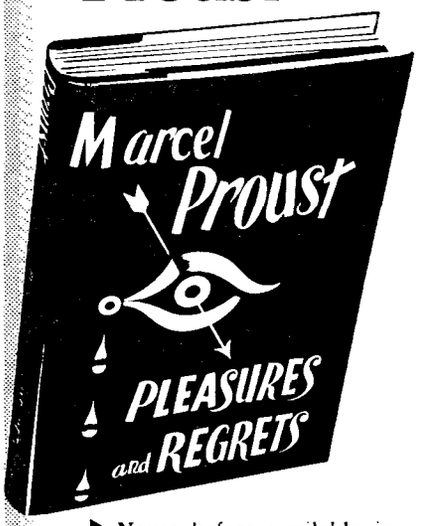

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the Phoenix Nest

AT HODGES HOLLER

SWEATIN' down his starched-up collar
And gumpin' about her bein' late,
Waitin' in the church at Hodges Holler,
Pete looked mean awaitin' for Kate.

And when he heard the chug-puff roar
Of the V-Eight Ford, bringin' the bride,
The ornery toad, he zigged to the door,
Not waitin' by the preacher's side.

Led by her pa, Kate all in white,
Her yaller hair like sunny wheat
And her blue eyes so happy bright,
Comin' in slow, she shore looked sweet.

Seein' the groom, she was tol'able shook:
"Honey, you git back down that aisle,
We should meet by the weddin' book!"
She tolt him so with a lovin' smile.

But Pete, jumpin' like bilin' water,
He grabbed her arm and helt it tight,
A-pushin' the pa away from the daughter;
And Pete he done it jist for spite.

Kate, seein' him so stubborn-sot,
Started to march with Pete to guide;
And rollin' the organ, ole Miz Lot
Let out soft: "Here comes the bride."

Yankin' her arm and rushin' Kate
Ahead of the music's steppin' flow,
Pete give her thunder for bein' late,
And all the way, he didn't walk slow.

The preacher spoke: "We're gathered here,"
Startin' right in to wed the two,
And when he asked the question clear,
Pete turned to Kate and spoke: "I do."

Kate, lookin' sad, heard Pete agree,
Her eyes on him were ponderin'-sot;
But when the preacher asked did she?
Kate said spirited: "I do not!"

And leavin' Pete thar, stunned and gapin',
She hit the door at a travelin' rate,
Runnin' like she was escapin'
Spang! through a closin' gate.

The folks in church, they all piled out,
Her pa a-yellin', "Go, gal, go!"
And Pete, arrivin', begun to shout,
His meanness scairt, "No, Kate, no."

Kate whoppin' up her pa's Ford car,
Over her shoulter, called to Pete:
"I'm goin' and I'm goin' far
Where you and me will never meet."

Pete went a-searchin' every clue,
But he got nary a word of Kate,
Until a drummer, passin' through,
Tolt him she'd wed a man named Tait.

Sweatin' down his starched-up collar,
Pete's image waits thar mighty still,
In the little church at Hodges Holler;
An' his bride kin come thar when she will.

GENE MELONEY.

* * *

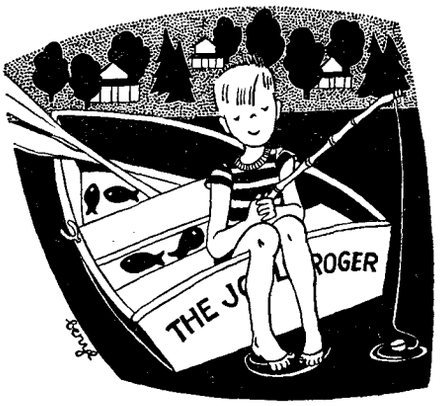
SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 749)

LYONS:
OUR UNKNOWN EX-PRESIDENT
(A Portrait of Herbert Hoover)

The hallmark of his character and career is integrity, . . . not exactly a quality to whip up popular adoration . . . Herbert Hoover is a great monolithic figure. Time is rapidly washing off the mud with which he has been bespattered.

Victor S. Yarros, of La Jolla, Calif., writes me:

> The PHOENIX NEST is hereby invited to put its oar in and promote a candid discussion of T. S. Eliot's status and influence as a modern thinker. The symposium on him currently under discussion fails to cover the ground. Eliot is no doubt a distinguished poet, albeit minor, and also a thought-provoking and original critic, but what is he contributing to the rational solution of our crucial problems? Shelley, indulging in wishful thinking, opined that "the poets are the legislators of the world." He was mistaken, of course. It is not even true that the philosophers are the lawmakers of the civilized world. But it would seem to be true that it is the duty of intellectual and moral leaders—and Eliot *is* one of them—to give us direction and guidance translating solemn phrases into specific suggestions. [But the poet is not a lecturer!—Ed.]
>
> Eliot tells us that we are all sinners and must repent and mend our ways. *What* are we to repent of, and what must we *do* to redeem our society? Has Eliot ever denounced injustice, bigotry, and hate in the concrete? He tells us that we are attempting to build a civilization without Christianity, and are sure to fail. What about the failure of the so-called Christian civilization, launched nearly two thousand years ago? Is Humanism inferior to Christian ethics, never practised?
>
> Finally what does Eliot mean in his assertion that prose can be idealistic, whereas verse must never leave actuality? Are Homer, Dante, Milton, Browning, Shelley "actual," and, if so, in what sense?
>
> I fear we have overrated Eliot as a thinker. His isolation from *our* actuality contradicts his own theory.



In regard to the above, Mr. Eliot is not a "denouncer." But his sympathy with the oppressed is shown, for instance, in his quiet introduction to "The Dark Side of the Moon." Their is certainly plenty for mankind to repent of. To me the Christian ethic has frequently been practised, and is superior to watery Humanism. But Mr. Yarros is certainly entitled to his point of view.

* * *

The Hudson Review (incorporated not for profit) is edited at 39 West 11th Street, New York 11, N. Y., by William Arrowsmith, Joseph D. Bennett, and Frederick Morgan, with Ellen Violett associate editor and Cornelia Claiborne managing editor. In the first issue such writers appeared as Wallace Stevens, Herbert Read, R. P. Blackmur, D. S. Savage, and e. e. cummings. The editors are graduates of Princeton. The magazine says that it is not inclined toward those "whose only merits lie in their anguish, their fervor, and their experimentation."

* * *

FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY

Man has, from his earliest age,
Through each painful, plodding stage
Made his hapless and ill-starred way
The disorganized and hard way.

Man, the all-time Cosmic Dunce,
Through the centuries not once
Has found out that with some system
Half his troubles would have missed him!

ROBERT G. PECK, JR.

* * *

The Declan X. McMullen Co. tells me that A. M. Sullivan's "Stars and Atoms Have No Size" is no longer a Dutton publication but that they took over all stock in this book several months ago. Their address as publishers is 225 Broadway, New York 7. Their telephone number is CO-7-7425.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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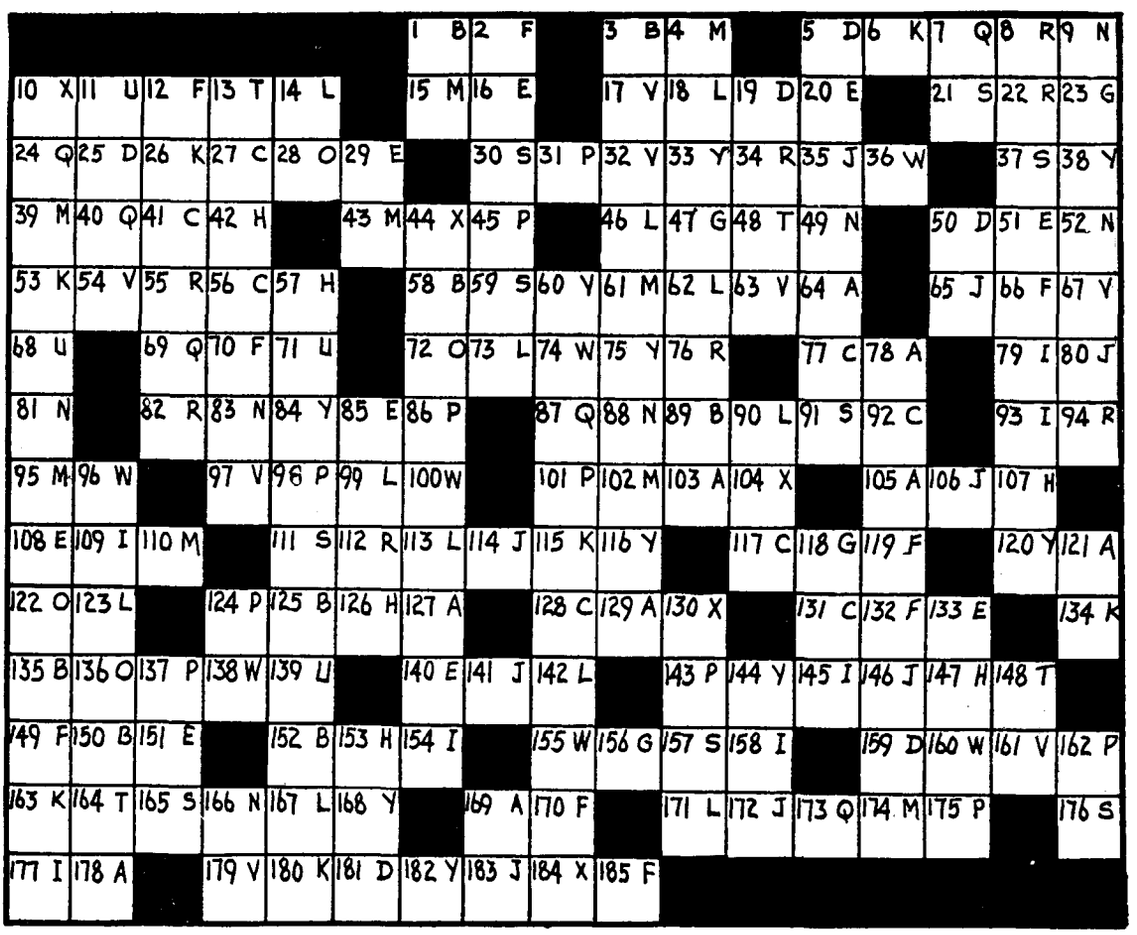
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Perfect adjustment of organism or species to its environment (Ecology).	103 78 121 105 129 64 169 178 127
B. Usher to Queen Katherine (Shakespeare's "Henry VIII").	89 150 1 58 135 3 152 125
C. Lover in title of thirteenth-century French romance, popular in translation.	117 77 27 128 41 92 56 131
D. Fixes closely (the eye, gaze, mind).	159 5 19 50 25 181
E. The beloved in title, with Word C above.	108 85 51 16 29 20 140 133 151
F. The part of a vessel abaft midships.	149 170 2 70 66 12 132 119 185
G. Original surname of Sir Norman Angell, English author and lecturer (1874-).	23 47 118 156
H. A place of social gathering, as a banquet hall (Gr. antiq.).	147 126 42 57 153 107
I. Nickname for the State of Oregon.	177 154 93 79 109 145 158
J. Very strongly alcoholic, as spirits (comp.).	141 183 114 172 146 106 80 35 65
K. Character in opera "Aida."	134 6 53 180 115 26 163
L. At that very time and place (3 wds.).	171 46 142 113 18 123 62 73 90 99 167 14
M. A rustic maiden (origin in Vergil and Theocritus).	15 102 61 4 110 43 39 174 95
N. A school of writers including Lew Wallace, George Ade, Booth Tarkington, etc.	83 166 52 9 88 49 81
O. The fruiting spikes of any cereal.	122 28 136 72
P. Health resort and Naval station in S. Manchuria, formerly subject to agreements between Japan and Russia.	143 162 31 101 137 175 124 98 45 86
Q. Pertaining to the Government of France, 1804-15.	173 69 7 24 87 40
R. No longer accepted or approved, as styles, doctrines, etc.	8 112 82 55 22 76 94 34
S. Makes manifest (2 wds.).	21 37 91 157 30 176 59 165 111
T. Applied to the genus *Quercus*, grown in southeastern U.S., valued for ship timber.	13 164 48 148
U. The unjustly suspected but patient wife of a knight in "Idylls of the King."	68 71 11 139
V. Uttered an expression of intense delight or exuberance.	97 17 54 63 161 67 32 179
W. An encompassing sphere, esp. the atmosphere.	74 36 155 138 160 100 96
X. President of the Associated Press, 1900-38.	184 44 104 130 10
Y. Exceedingly small (comp.; chiefly a child's expression).	182 84 144 75 116 120 60 33 38 168

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the DEFINITIONS each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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- 2 lb. Whole Milk Powder
- 8 oz. Egg Powder
- 1 lb. Apricots
- 1 lb. Raisins
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